

THE BOMB

1907





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THE BOMB

VOLUME XXIII

EDITED BY THE CLASS
OF 1907



VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

DEDICATED TO
COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THE LOVE
AND ESTEEM OF THE CORPS
OF CADETS



COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON

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Calendar

1906-'07

- September 11. New cadets report.
 September 12. School opens
 October 6. Football game with St. Johns College, at Lexington, Virginia.
 October 13. Football game with Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina, at Lexington, Virginia.
 October 20. Football game with University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Virginia.
 October 27. Football game with Roanoke College, at Lexington, Virginia.
 November 3. Football game with University of Maryland, at Lexington, Virginia.
 November 11. Founders' Day—holiday.
 November 17. Football game with Richmond College, at Richmond, Virginia.
 November 29. Football game with Davidson College, at Lynchburg, Virginia.
 December 25. Christmas holiday begins.
 December 26. Christmas holiday ends.
 January 19. Lee's birthday—holiday.
 February 22. Washington's birthday—holiday.
 March 23. Baseball game with Fishburne Military School at Lexington, Va.
 March 30. Baseball game with Pennsylvania State College at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 5. Baseball game with Villanova College at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 5. Easter German.
 April 6. Easter Hop.
 April 9. Baseball game with Georgetown University at Washington, D. C.
 April 10. Baseball game with United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.
 April 13. Maryland Agricultural College at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 19. Baseball game with Trinity College at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 20. Baseball game with Davidson College at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 20-21-22. Annual inspection by Captain Penn, General Staff, United States Army.
 April 23. Baseball game with University of Georgia at Lexington, Virginia.
 April 27. Baseball game with Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Lexington, Virginia.
 May 4. Baseball game with Roanoke College at Lexington, Virginia.
 May 15. Baseball game with Central University at Lexington, Virginia.
 May 15. New Market Day—holiday.
 June 1. Memorial Day.
 June 7. Corps leaves for Jamestown.
 June 16. Finals begin.
 June 17. Opening Hop.
 June 18. Society Hop.
 June 19. Final German.
 June 20. Dismissed.
 June 20. Final Ball.

Editorial



IN putting this volume of the BOMB before the public, we wish to make no apology. On account of the similarity and constancy of all things military, it has been practically impossible to publish a book totally different from its predecessors. In order to carry out the spirit and purpose of the work, we have therefore been forced in many instances to imitate former BOMBS. We have tried to do this as sparingly as possible, and at the same time not let our desire to be original, work to our own detriment. We hope we have succeeded. If not, we can only comfort ourselves with the thought that "He who does his best, does well." We hope the book meets with your approval.

EDITOR.



Editorial Staff

GEORGE W. NICHOLLS, JR.	Editor-in-Chief
WILLIAM L. RILEY	Assistant-Editor-in-Chief
JOHN E. TOWNES, JR.	Business Manager
THOMAS E. SEBRELL	Assistant Business Manager
MONROE F. COCKRELL	Advertising Editor
HOLCOMB C. ADAMS	Assistant Advertising Editors
CHAS. E. KAIN	
WILLIAM H. GILL	Art Editor
ALPHONSE J. STUDE	Assistant Art Editor
WILLIAM H. BECKNER	Athletic Editor
MURRAY F. EDWARDS	Assistant Editors
SEYMORE PAUL	
T. CARSON TALIAFERRO	



THE BOMB STAFF

HIS EXCELLENCY CLAUDE A. SWANSON
Governor of Virginia
Commander-in-Chief

Board of Visitors

(Terms Expire July 1, 1908.)

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(Terms Expire July 1, 1910.)

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Superintendent Public Instruction

Faculty

GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP, LL. D.

Born in Fauquier County, Virginia, August 2, 1839; Attended Warren Green Academy, Warrenton, Virginia, and Fulton College, Fulton, Missouri; Member of an Engineering Corps in Missouri, 1855-1856; entered Virginia Military Institute in September, 1856, and was graduated in 1859 with fourth stand in a class of twenty-nine, and as Captain of Company "D;" Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1859-1860; Professor of Latin, 1860-1861; Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain in Provisional Army of Virginia, and Major of Twenty-first Virginia Volunteers, 1861; Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, September, 1861-1890; in Command of Cadets at New Market, May 15, 1864; while Commandant, graduated in Law at Washington and Lee University; Professor of Latin, 1876-1890; Superintendent Virginia Military Institute, 1890; LL. D., Washington and Lee, 1891; Member of Board of Visitors, United States Military Academy, 1890; President of Board of Visitors, United States Naval Academy, 1894.

COLONEL EDWARD W. NICHOLS

Born in Petersburg, Virginia, June 27, 1858; Student Hume and Cook's School, 1866-1869; Student McCabes School, 1869-1874; Entered Virginia Military Institute, 1874, and graduated 1878 with fourth stand in a class of twenty-four, and as Cadet Lieutenant; Studied Law under Tutors and at West Virginia; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1878-1881; Practicing Lawyer, Norfolk, Virginia, 1881, Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1890; Author of *Analytic Geometry*, 1892, and *Differential and Integral Calculus*, 1900; Associated with American Reporter International Railway Congress in scientific investigations since 1903.

COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON, M. A., Ph. D.

Born in Frederick's Hall, Louisa County, Virginia, January 22, 1858; Attended a Private School, Louisa Court-House, Virginia; Student Aspen Hill Academy, Louisa County, 1872-1875; Entered University of Virginia, 1875; M. A., University of Virginia, 1881; Teacher Pantops Academy, near Charlottesville, Virginia, 1881-1882; Special course in Chemistry and other sciences, University of Virginia, 1882-1883; Entered University of Göttingen, Germany, fall 1883-1886 (Chemistry and Mineralogy), Ph. D. Göttingen, 1886; Teacher of Chemistry, Tuft's College, near Boston, Massachusetts, 1887-1889; Professor of Natural Sciences, Bethany College, West Virginia, 1889-1890; Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Military Institute since July 30, 1890—.



COL. E. W. NICHOLS



COL. N. B. TUCKER



COL. HUNTER PENDLETON



GEN. SCOTT SHIPP



COL. F. M. MALLORY



COL. H. C. FORD

FACULTY



"When I was a Corp'r'l, I was the divil av a man"

COLONEL N. BEVERLY TUCKER, C. E., B. S.

Student Shenandoah Valley Academy; Entered Virginia Military Institute, September, 1885; Graduated Virginia Military Institute, 1888 with first stand in a class of fifteen and as Cadet Quartermaster; C. E., Virginia Military Institute, 1888; Assistant Professor of Latin, 1888-1889; B. S. (Chemistry), Virginia Military Institute, 1889; Assistant Professor of Chemistry, 1889-1891; Adjunct Professor, Mineralogy and Geology, 1891-1896; Professor of Geology and Mineralogy since 1896.

COLONEL FRANCIS MALLORY, C. E.

Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering; Born August 15, 1868; Graduated Norfolk Academy, 1886; Entered Virginia Military Institute, August, 1886; Graduated as Second Jackson Hope Medalist, July, 1889; Degree of C. E.; Commandant and Professor Mathematics, Fishburne Military Academy, 1889-1891; Post Adjutant and Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1891-1894; Post Graduate Student in Physics, Mathematics and Astronomy, Johns Hopkins University, 1894-1897; Adjunct Professor of Physics and Astronomy, Virginia Military Institute 1897-1899; Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering, 1899.

COLONEL HENRY CLINTON FORD, B. S., Ph. D.

Born December 12, 1867, in Charlotte County, Virginia; Attended Private Schools in Charlotte County; Student Agricultural and Mechanical College, Blacksburg, Virginia, 1884-1885; Entered Virginia Military Institute 1886 and was graduated in 1889 with fourth stand and as Cadet Adjutant; B. S., Virginia Military Institute, 1889; Assistant Professor of Modern Languages and Tactics, Virginia Military Institute, 1889-1890; Commandant of Cadets, Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri, 1890-1893; Student of Latin and English, University of Virginia, 1893-1895; Ph. D., University of Virginia, 1899; Colonel and Chief of Engineers on Governor Tyler's Staff; Adjunct Professor of Latin and English, Virginia Military Institute, 1899-1902; Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, 1902-1904; Professor of Latin and English, Virginia Military Institute since 1903.

COLONEL J. MERCER PATTON, A. M.

Entered Virginia Military Institute, 1876; Was graduated 1880 with first stand in a class of twenty-four; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, French and Tactics, 1880-1882; Student, University of Berlin, at Paris, Madrid and Seville (Language and Literature), 1882-1886; Associate Professor of Modern Languages, University of Indiana, January-June, 1886; M. A., University of Indiana, 1886; Instructor in Bellevue High School, Virginia, 1886-1887; Principal, St. Paul's School for Boys, California; Principal Visalia Normal School, California; Law Student, 1890-1892; Principal Assistant in Hoitt's School for Boys, California; Principal of Literature, Grammar School; Principal of Union High School No. 1, Instructor in Modern Languages, Oakland High

School; Professor of Modern Languages and Commandant, University of Arizona; Assistant Professor Modern Languages, Virginia Military Institute, 1905; Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Military Institute since 1906.

COLONEL M. M. MILLS

Born at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, February 22, 1874; Attended Public Schools in and near Big Stone Gap until 1889; Student, Glade Spring Military Academy, 1889-1891; Entered Virginia Military Institute, September, 1893, and was graduated June, 1897, with seventh stand in a class of twenty-four, and as Senior Captain; Entered the Artillery Corps, United States Army, July 1, 1898; Promoted First Lieutenant Artillery Corps, 1901; Promoted to grade of Captain, 1903; Was graduated from the Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Virginia, 1903; During service in United States Army served in eastern and western portions of United States, and two years in Porto Rico; Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute since 1906.

MAJOR CHARLES W. WATTS, C. E.

Student, Norfolk Academy, 1887-1889; Entered Virginia Military Institute, 1889; Was graduated June, 1893, with fifth stand in a class of twenty-seven and as Second Lieutenant of Company "A;" C. E., Virginia Military Institute, 1893; Instructor, Danville Military Academy, 1893-1896; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1896-1899; Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Military Institute, 1899.

MAJOR THOMAS A. JONES, B. S.

Student, Norfolk Public Schools and R. Gatewood's School for Boys; Entered Virginia Military Institute, September, 1895; Was graduated, June, 1898, with first stand in a class of twenty-two, and as Second Lieutenant of Company "B;" With Southern Paving and Construction Company, 1898-1900; With Asheville Street Railway Company, 1900-1903; With Seaboard Air Line Railway Company, 1903-1905; Adjunct Professor of Engineering, 1905.

Sub Professors

CAPTAIN S. C. CALDWELL

Assistant Professor of English and History

CAPTAIN RUEL A. HUNT

Instructor of Steam Engineering and Mechanical Drawing

CAPTAIN CARY R. WILSON

Assistant Professor of Mathematics

MR. GEORGE E. PILE

Gymnasium Instructor



COL. J. M. PATTON



MAJ. C. W. WATTS



MAJ. T. M. JONES



CAPT. E. G. CALDWELL



CAPT. HUNT



CAPT. WILSON

STONE
ALBANY, N. Y.

FACULTY AND SUB PROFESSORS



"Give me your attention, if you please"

Post Staff

CAPTAIN R. RAGLAND

Adjutant

MAJOR J. H. LAIRD, M. D.

Surgeon

COLONEL W. T. POAGUE

Treasurer and Military Storekeeper

CAPTAIN J. W. GILMORE

Commissary and Quartermaster

CAPTAIN J. W. GILLOCK

Assistant Military Storekeeper



MAJ. J. H. LAIRD



CAPT. J. W. GILLOCK



COL. W. T. POAGUE



CAPT. J. W. GILMORE

POST STAFF

Virginia Military Institute

(Founded November 11th, 1839)

Colors

Red, White and Yellow

Yell

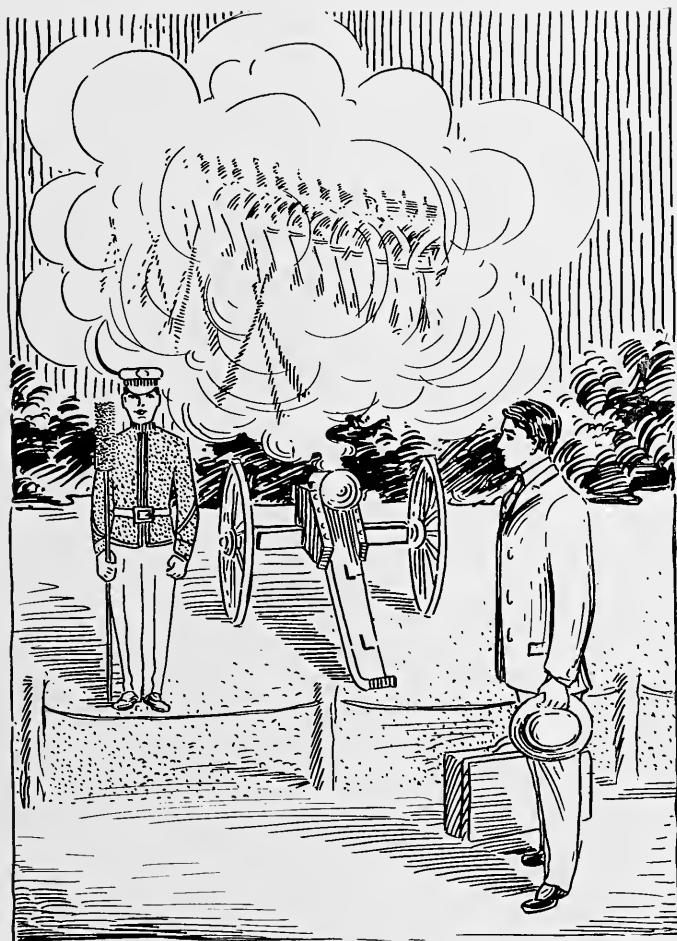
Rah! Rah! Rah! Vir-gin-ia
Military Institute! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.!



BARRACKS



"Now gentlemen, there will be no mercy shown"



First Class

WILLIAM L. RILEY.....*President*

CHARLES E. KAIN.....*Vice-President*

GEORGE W. NICHOLLS, JR.....*Historian*

GEORGE W. NICHOLLS, JR.....*Valedictorian*

Colors

Old Gold and Baby Blue



HOLCOMB C. ADAMS Lynchburg, Va.

"Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time."

"Ho!" "Satchel;" "Doctor." A typical representative of the Hill City. Satchel has all the peculiarities of shape and walk. Came up out of the hills in the fall of 1903. How long he had resided there it has been impossible to ascertain, but most of the highest authorities on age agree that he was born some time in the Paleozoic era. Satchel holds the record at V. M. I. for fancy baseball playing, having when yet a rat, performed the difficult feat of catching a high fly in his left ear, as a reward for which he received a two day's furlough to have the drum repaired. Labors under a false delusion that he is either Campanari or Caruso—we haven't been able to find which—and nightly entertains the neighbors with his melodious voice.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "B;" Third Sergeant Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, 1906; Manager Baseball Team, 1907; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team; Bomb Staff.

WISTER W. BARKSDALE Halifax Co., Va.

"Arise, shake the hay seed out of thine hair."

"King Henry" attained his royal cognomen after his arrival at V. M. I., and now sits upon his majestic throne in 62, where he diffuses his many wise words and sayings to his humble vassals, "Willie," "Arrie," and "Liz." In the light of recent investigations conducted by Professors Fraser and Harrison, we have come to the conclusion that "Henry" may be classed in "Germes Rusticus," which being translated means, "Out of the Brush." Being a follower of "Old Monk," he bids fair to some day shock himself and surprise the world with the "greatest invention of the age." Until then expects to spend his days "to hum on the farm."

Matriculated in 1903. Class Football Team; Member of H. P.





ROBERT C. BARRETT Smithfield, Va.

"A poor lone woman."

"Polly;" "Miss Parrot." Hails from Smithfield, where she was raised on ham; sent to V. M. I. for a change of diet. During her rat day she did many stunts with a table leg. Known to ask who Napoleon was, and what was the War of 1861-65, and to say, "I wonder why Harrison and Fraser trifle so much?" Having been provoked one day by the "Baby," she committed a great sin by saying "Damit," but we hope the recording angel did not hear her.

Matriculated in 1903. Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President Y. M. C. A.; Member of H. P.

W. HICKMAN BECKNER Winchester, Ky.

"Let the world slide."

"Hickmoon;" "Beck;" "Hatchet;" "Rooster." Hickman came to V. M. I. in January, 1904, after an inspection tour of most of the schools in the United States, and being pleased with the hours, decided to settle. Since, he has spent most of his time congratulating (?) himself on his good judgment. A great admirer of the "Gim," "Beck" is very fond of riding, and in his early years was an adept at the art. Has a great attachment for the city of "Lynch," and was once known to be left there by two consecutive trains, which he firmly asserts he intended leaving on. We don't know what Hatchet intends for the future, but we think, to his credit, that he has at last narrowed the list of his probable occupations down to something below fifty.

Matriculated in 1904. Second Corporal Company "D;" First Sergeant Company "C;" Captain Company "D;" Football Team, '04, '05 and Captain '06; Captain Track Team, '07; Leader Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Athletic Editor of BOMB.





S. ALLEN CHARLTON Dallas, Texas

"What the orators went in depth they gave you in length."

"Shanks;" "Queen;" "Little Trilby;" "A curly, light-haired 'reed,' raised in the 'Lone Star State.'" Has all the physical characteristics of the typical western "bad man"—light hair gentle looks, calm features, the soft voice, etc., etc. Is a prime favorite with the various types of feminine beauty until after his annual performance in the "gym," when they shudder and shrink away from him, completely mystified and apprehensive of future association with such a "crooked" fellow. The boys really fondle him because of his "queenly" attributes and they say he is quickly paying the penalty of leading such a fast and glorious life during the week-end evenings.

Matriculated in 1903. Third Sergeant Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Gym Team, '05-06-07 Class Football Team.

MONROE F. COCKRELL Dallas, Texas

"Fortiter in ris, suaviter in modo."

Alias "Biscuit;" "Biscotchie;" "Cocky;" "Greaser;" "Cicero;" "Demosthenes;" "Venus." "Cocky" is much given to reminiscences on the food that "mother used to make." He is somewhat of a gourmand, but is still possessed of all his faculties. He was unfortunately born with a silver tongue instead of a silver spoon in his mouth. He came to V. M. I. as a missionary in the cause of oratory and attempts to elucidate the diversified ramifications of speaking by his easy eloquence and rhythmic rhetoric. The billowy waves of his flowing speech are unrestricted by the rock-bound coasts of logic, but they overwhelm his simple hearers with their euphonic, irresistible and omnipotent onrush. "Cocky" can well say, "veni, vidi, vinci." In all probability he does say it to himself.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "C;" Second Sergeant Company "B;" Second Lieutenant Company "B;" Gym Team, '05-06-07; Class Football Team; Advertising Editor of THE BOMB.





A. RUTHERFOORD DAVENPORT, Richmond, Va.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"Ikey;" "Port;" or a more recent appellation, "Put 'er-on-straight." In him we see one of those happy-go-lucky creatures who takes life easy and has a motto, "Much study is wearisome to the flesh." His style of locomotion reminds one very much of a limber-jack and by means of some invisible substance his limbs are prevented from flying off at a tangent. In answer to a query as to why he did not shave himself, he replied, "Men that are born kings shave themselves; men that acquire kingdoms do not shave themselves." He is an ardent believer in "making hay" while the sun shines. Our only hopes for this young man is that he may surprise the world as a twentieth century historian.

Matriculated in 1903. Member of 'H. P.' Class 'Baseball Team.

DUDLEY M. DIGGS Lynchburg, Va.

"Et tu" Dumps!!

"Dump;" "Dudley." Dudley, another product of the Hill City, was sent up to V. M. I. in the fall of 1904 to see something of the world. Early in his rat year, he showed a great capacity for eating, which increased very rapidly, and he can be heard at mess at almost any time vehemently ordering the waiter to "dump them eggs," whence his nick-name. After June the twentieth, you may look for Dump in a ham and eggery.

Matriculated in 1904. Class Football Team; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.





MURRAY F. EDWARDS.....St. Louis, Mo.

"A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day."

"Murray;" "Fu! Fu! E. M. F." This youngster from the sub-urbs of St. Louis, joined our "band" on a third class broomstick strike, and ever since has been a bright and shining light. The missionary of '07, Miss Barrett's pal, the model perfection. Not a strand of his hair must be out of place. Oh! fudge with such Tommy Rot, says Murray. Darn it, I'm robbed, he gave me a o.o. I do declare I can't see how he could have done it. Fu Fu is an expert on the art of making love and can train an acquaintance very easily. He always writes an epistle for a letter, and his charming countenance has been the source of much admiration from his female admirers. We think this handsome lad's aspirations are to be a "gim" of great renown.

Matriculated in 1904. Fourth Sergeant Company "A;" First Lieutenant Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Mandolin and Guitar Club; Bomb Staff.

DONALD A. FRASER...San Antonio, Texas

"I am sure care is an enemy of life."

Alias "Fats;" "Jumbo." Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and gaze on this magnificent bear, captured in the wilds of Texas and brought to V. M. I. at great expense, to learn the gentle game of football. He was raised in the sage brush on the alkali waste of San Antonio. He eats twenty pounds of raw beef a day and his chest is like the rock of Gibraltar. He smacks his lips at the sight of men and gnashes his teeth in helpless rage. But inside the tent he will do the dance (Little Egypt) which has puzzled the greatest scientists of the age and enthralled the crowned heads of Europe. He dances with an easy grace, that accentuates his form, which is like that of Apollo—naris water. Hoooy up! Jumbo; this is the real thing.

Matriculated in 1904. Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Varsity Football Team, '04-'05-'06; Class Baseball Team; Private Secretary to Commandant; Member of H. P.





CALEB S. FUDGE.....Chicago, Ill.

"Vain as a leaf upon a stream."

"Rock-Candy;" "Jimminy Criz;" "Fury;" "Man of the World." When not telling of his Missourian kinfolks, Caleb is expounding on his eventful life in New Mexico, where he started in driving stakes and after nine months was given complete charge (?) of the construction of the largest concrete arch in America (?). When this great work was accomplished, the directors of the Santa Fe on bended knee humbly implored him to accept the presidency of the road, but he graciously declined the honor, in order to return to V. M. I. He thinks that his greatest success has been with the calic but fears that they all have their hooks baited for him alone and that some day one of these fair maids will land him. Let us hope that he may escape the wiles of the fair sex.

Matriculated in 1903. Marshal Final German; Member of H. P.

GEORGE H. FULTON.....Nettle Ridge, Va.

"Praise the city, but stay in the country."

"Steamboat" and "Liz." Liz is a gentle creature of the old apple tree style, rather quaint and quiet. She developed a tendency to clothe her modish figure in creases on hearing of a vacant Lieutenantcy, but was outstripped by the Ensign. She believes in the omnipotence of man and, on a trip to Richmond, refused the right of way to an electric car. The car caught her amidships and tore from her a dismal, doleful cry, which rang and reverberated thru the phenomenal streets of Richmond. Every Sunday night Liz goes forth a wooing. She has been advised to take a chaperone, but to no avail.

Matriculated in 1902. Member H. P.





WILLIAM H. GILL Round Hill, Va.

"And thou art long and lank and brown as the
ribbed Sea-Sand."

"Bill;" "Handsome;" "Brighteyes;" "String;" "Brush;" "Gertrude;" "String" has that prominent position behind the officer in charge whence the name is well applicable, as many are unable to tell which way he is standing. Was once asked by one of the fair sex to do her a favor; for further information regarding this subject you had better ask "Brighteyes." As an incandescent light distributor he is not unlike many predecessors. Is the only man in barracks who has never been absent from reveille, but, of course, we attribute this misdemeanor to the court-yard. We regret very much in not being able to describe how this string looked on the day of his matriculation.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "D;" Fourth Sergeant Company "C;" Quartermaster; Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Track Team, '05-06-07; Class Football Team; Mandolin and Guitar Club; Art Editor BOMB.

GUNYON M. HARRISON . . Fredericksburg, Va.

"A wit among dunces and a dunce among wits."

Alias "Monk;" "Mitch," and "Angelo Carmichael." Turns da crank and watcha da monk do da dance. Getta da mon. Angelo Carmichael resembles both a man and a monk, probably he is the long sought link. Can be heard at any time loudly berating his fellow man in monkish shrieks of delight. He is a hearty exponent of the advantages of simplified (?) spelling and exemplifies it on the board to the despair of the faculty. Monk makes sport of everyone—they being merely human creatures, and thrives off of gossip and scandal. He can tel every little mistake and mishap of the past decade. At Jamestown he will be in the same cage with the brown bear from San Antonio. It is hoped that one will succumb to the hunger of the other, as there is not room for two such monstrosities in one little world.

Matriculated in 1903. Marshal Final Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; Manager of Mandolin and Guitar Club; Class Football Team; Member of H. P.





WILLIAM P. JOHNSON.....Petersburg, Va.

"And, oh! He has that merry glance
That seldom lady's heart resists."

"Willie;" "Blink." "Willie, the blink-eyed boy," closes up so tight at times that he is in danger without an oyster-knife in his pocket. All-round athlete, he has tried for every varsity team and succeeded in none. Willie is a "shark" with the instrument which resembles so closely his figure—the pool cue. Keen on making dates, only omitting time and place. Willie is the only man who has ever hailed from "Pulldown" and never worn a chevron. He was also never known to be "roped in," (?) having only signed with "Tucky" for nine intermissions and thirteen successive rounds. However, Willie, we think, will some day become a social leader if he keeps his eyes open.

Matriculated in 1903. Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member of H. P.

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.....Crescent, W. Va.

"The crimson blush o'erspread his cheek and
gave new luster to his charms."

"Ruby;" "Complexion." Hailing from West Virginia, Ruby backed upon one of her highest peaks, got a good start and hit V. M. I. running. His race is a thing of the past, but the result is ever before us in his legs, which were badly sprung by his mighty effort. Throughout his whole "keydet" ship Complexion has labored (?) to uphold the reputation of the name Johnson, and not only has he succeeded, but with the assistance of his contemporary, "Willie Blink," has set the standard at a new depth that will be reached by few and surpassed by none. 'Tis rumored that next year "Ruby" intends giving the secret of his radiant countenance to the miners of his native heath, in the hope of doing away with necessity of artificial light.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "B;" Fifth Sergeant Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team.





CHARLES E. KAIN. Dallas, Texas

"I will kill him in a hundred and fifty ways."

"Charlie;" "Irish;" "Graveyard;" "Mick." An Irishman of pugilistic tendencies was loaned us by Dallas, the metropolis of the Lone Star State, on condition that we would keep him four years. This agreement has been exceedingly hard to comply with, as Charlie has virtually packed his trunk and wiped the dust of V. M. I. from his feet every day since his arrival. Graveyard's life has been one of hair-breadth escapes and deeds of daring. When a mere child of ten he ran away from home and stayed three whole—— hours in the hay loft of a neighbor's barn. Is quite an artist on the violin. Can play anything from "Turkey in the Straw" to "Home, Sweet Home." Charlie has the distinction of being the only man in his class who is engaged, or who has had appendicitis.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "D;" Second Sergeant Company "A;" Second Lieutenant Company "A;" Gym Team, '05-'06-'07; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Bombs Staff; Vice-President of Class 1907.

CHARLES A. LYERLY, JR. . Chattanooga, Tenn.

"If there is delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for
me."

"Sug;" "Braw;" "Chas." "Sug" comes from Chattanooga and has entertained the members of '07 with tales of its wonders ever since his arrival. Has a remarkable faculty of remembering things that happened before he was born. A great hit with the calic, "Sug" rivals Sebrell in the number of times he has fallen in love. The most military man in the corps and at guard mount reigns supreme. Next year, "Braw" will either show Uncle Sam how the United States Army should be run or build the Panama Canal. However, with all these faults "Sug" is a good fellow and a worthy member of '07.

Matriculated in 1907. Corporal Company "A;" Sergeant-Major; Adjutant; Assistant Manager of Football Team, '06; Manager Football Team, '07; Class Football Team; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German.





JULIEN N. MAJOR Mitchells, Va.

"Lord, in the morning, thou shalt hear my voice ascending high."

"Growly;" "Brush." One of the converts of Miss Barrett, "Growly" was one of the "boys" until she tamed him down by her magic powers. Was also once "an infant terrible" in the Third Class, and made quite a name when he rolled the sentry box down the parapet. He had the time to reflect on it with twenty penalty tours. Constantly sings, "So Long, Mary," and practices housekeeping by sweeping the Y. M. C. A. daily. Talks religion and politics upon every occasion, making frequent remarks as "This is the way we cut brush in Culpeper;" "Wish I was plowing the eleven and one-half acre field;" "Funny I can't find a brush, there should be two here." An admirer of electricity Growly will soon start his career in China. Matriculated 1903. Class Football Team; Marshal Final German; Member of H. P.

FRED. S. MARKHAM Beaumont, Texas

"He is not dead but sleepeth."
"Make hay while the sun shines."

"Freddie;" "Keet;" "John D;" "Keety Maguire;" "Bit-Bit;" "Browse." A friend of Morpheus though he be, Freddie is an athlete at heart and by his dextrous efforts has won for himself the high honor of Captain of the Gymnasium Team. He holds the exalted position of Private Secretary to the Commandant, which office expressed in "keydet" vogue may be termed "The Beam's Negger." "Bit-Bit's" ambition leads him a wild goose chase and the height of his desires is to find enough sleep. By the generous aid of the Gim, he manages to get more than his share and expects some day to discover a sufficient quantity—at the end of the rainbow.

Matriculated 1903. Gymnasium Team '04-05-06; Captain '07; Assistant Secretary to Commandant; Member H. P.





GEORGE W. NICHOLLS, JR. .Spartanburg, S. C.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

"Nick;" "Wash;" "Gawdge;" "Father." Nick is possessed of great musical talents with which he has robbed the corps of about five thousand hours of sleep. "E'en though vanquished he will argue still," and to this end oft strains his judgment to the breaking point. Takes a fraternal interest in the welfare of the "Rats" and believes that some day he will be able to "aid suffering humanity." Wears No. 12—children's size, of course. After graduation Nick intends to join the pill box crew and will advertise free treatment. Is often found in lonely solitude singing love ditties—we wonder why. Has been heard to murmur "Lynchburg" in his sleep.

Matriculated in 1904. First Sergeant Company "D;" Captain Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Varsity Football Team, '05-'06; Mandolin and Guitar Club; Class Baseball Team; Editor-in-Chief BOMB; Valedictorian; Historian Class of '07.

JOHN D. O'REILLY New Orleans, La.

"He prefers books to blather and solitude to bores."

"Pat." Pat is somewhat of a hermit, but can easily be found at any time in ninety-two, busily inscribing love ditties upon sweetly scented paper. He says that he would like to be an ambassador or United States Senator, but would prefer President. Probably he will be president of some labor union in the Crescent City. His chief recreation is a stroll to Lexington, where he languidly imbibes all the fizz water in view. His gait is a rollicking roll, and it has been said that "he walks like he is stirring lemonade with himself." His progress is always marked by the wondering gaze of the idle throng. His sang-froid, confidential, and suave manner easily fits him for a preëminent position in the profession of bunco-steering.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "B;" Fourth Sergeant Company "C;" First Lieutenant Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Class Football Team.





SEYMORE PAUL Harrisonburg, Va.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

"Oom;" "Sem;" "Rabbit;" Infant." An apprenticeship on a newspaper staff at all stages from devil to doorway has produced a magician with the lingo. Main occupations are shaving (?) and speculating on the mail, with perennial hope of a line from the "sweetest girl in Dixie." Accomplishes locomotion by an airy tread suggestive of Indian warfare. His countenance, mild, innocent and rubicund, places him in high office in the infantile ranks of those loving friends who advertise Mellin's Food. Also has childish ways which strengthen the original suggestion of "When I was a dear little baby." An indolent dreamer, whose latest ambitions vacillate among a rural pedagogue of authority supreme, a street car conductor, a chauffeur, and a soldier of fortune of the Richard Harding Davis type.

Matriculated in 1904. Fourth Sergeant Company "B;" Second Lieutenant Company "C;" Class Football Team; Bomb Staff.

GEORGE M. PEEK Hampton, Va.

"Little stars, hide your diminished rays."

"Ensign;" "Shorty;" "Lieutenant." Entered '07 through the mysteries of the broken broomsticks. Was made a Sergeant and immediately treated to a pyrotechnic display as the result. Since his rise to office has "out-pued" Pu in his running and although forgotten in the list of officers' last finals, a place has been made for him this year. Has great ambition to become an officer in the army and has in an application for the position of Sergeant-Major in the Seventy-first Virginia, if the former fails. Has great detective ability, as was evidenced by his tracing up the stolen candy.

Matriculated in 1904. Fifth Sergeant Company "B;" Second Lieutenant Company "D;" Marshal Final German; Marshal Final Ball.





WILLIAM L. RILEY. Bloomington, Ill.

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

"Mux;" "Mag;" "Listy;" "Rile;" "Fat." After extensive travels in the far West, "Mag" made his first appearance at V. M. I. in the fall of 1903, and immediately put himself on record as a great narrator, by recounting his wonderful adventures in the "Tirritory," to the admiring natives. Since then has spent most of his time trying to impress upon a misled faculty his true worth, but is continually being "rolled." Authority on a great many subjects, Mag is the only man in barracks who knows how to resign and still remain a "keydet," and can tell you anything within the scope of the human mind about the merits and demerits of hard study. We predict a bright future for Mag in politics.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "A;" First Sergeant Company "A;" Captain Company "B;" Varsity Football Team, '04-05-06; Class Baseball Team; Track Team; President of Class; Bomb Staff; Marshall Final German.

THOMAS E. SEBRELL. Norfolk, Va.

"As fickle as a changeful dream."

"Seb;" "Tom;" "Chen;" "Wen;" "Bob Le Gung." The higher ambitions of "Wen" have been fully realized, yet there are still obstacles which confront this young man's career. What seems to be the most obvious is his matrimonial proposition, having wooed four in the last year. The only thing we can recommend is Salt Lake City. Owing to the high batting average attained on the local diamond, "Le Gung" will perhaps sign with the National League. His principal occupations are letter writing, getting handsome and letter writing again. Enjoys "rainy weather," and has what you might call a gentle temper when aroused from the hay.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "C;" Third Sergeant Company "A;" Second Lieutenant Company "D;" First Lieutenant Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball; Leader Final German; President Mandolin and Guitar Club; Varsity Baseball Team, '04-05-06-07; Bomb Staff.





LEO G. SHERIDAN Lexington, Va.

"He leadeth me into green pastures."

"Leo;" "House;" "S. S. S." "House" is one of the curiosities of sixty-one. Has bought more gold bricks than anyone in '07. Will usually agree on all subjects, but was once known to deny all knowledge regarding S. S. S. Went to Richmond and ever since has been seen "looking upward." Says the houses there are too tall.

Matriculated in 1904. Member of H. P.

ALPHONSE J. STUDE Houston, Texas

"Thy grave gapes for thee twice as wide as for other men."

Alias "Dutch" and "Stud." Dutch doesn't lay any claims to a Mellin's Food product, although he does weigh a ton or so but quietly admits that he was raised on the arid wastes and alkaline plains of Houston, fed on cacti, mesquite beans and sage brush—a most nutritious and beautifying diet. He is of large appearance, bordering on slenderness (?), with an expansive grin and a pair of "Dreadnoughts" for feet. At present Dutch is much sought by advertisers, who desire to utilize the vast expanse of his shoulders and back as a bill board. Probably we will see him some day as an ornament to Broadway, standing impassive in all his grandeur, his back placarded with a mass of gaudy and glittering advertisements.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "A;" Second Sergeant Company "A;" First Lieutenant Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Varsity Football Team, '03-'04-'05-'06; Track Team; Class Baseball Team; Bomb Staff.





LESLIE W. SYDNOR.....Staunton, Va.

"The empty vessel makes the loudest noise."

"Sing Sing;" "Sidy;" "Baby;" "Leslie," or as one of the fair sex said, "That little red-faced Mr. Sydnor." A very queer looking specimen of the human race that might possibly have escaped from that well-known sanitarium of his native town four years ago. Occasionally he has an attack of the so-called "brain-storm." The smart set of Lexington will, no doubt, be working under a great disadvantage at this young man's graduation, yet none of them have ever been able to understand why he has not mastered dancing. For a "Baby" "Sidy" has very strong digestive organs. A single example of which is that at one sitting he has been known to make away with one bushel and a half of peanuts.

Matriculated in 1903. Member of H. P.

HARRY A. TABB.....Roanes, Va.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—a 'brush.' "

"Ha-a-rry;" "Brush." Harry hails from that part of Virginia where there are only two important events during the year—hog killing and thinning corn—and to these "Brush" looks forward with pleasure. After learning how to do "sums" in the country schools at Gloucester, he was grafted into the corps of cadets. He is a very handsome and well built young man, but his good qualities are greatly handicapped by his crying voice. When he was a "Rat," he failed to apply the principles of Sherlock Holmes—being dumped night after night by his room-mates and Harry was never the wiser.

Matriculated in 1903. Fourth Sergeant Company "D;" Class Football Team; Marshal Final German.





T. CARSON TALIAFERRO Charlotte, N. C.

"O, how wonderful is the human voice,
Truly it is the organ of the soul."

"Windy;" "Peezeewezy," and "Tolly." A small man of big ideas, whose chief occupation is rending the air with a voice like a railroad whistle. His caterwauling has won him distinction if not honor, and on *one* certain night in each month he may be heard leading the Peezeewezy Quartet in the bath-house, where the splash of the shower rounds off the rough edges. He once had a Sergeant, but his beautiful strut made the officers green with envy and they quickly ruined his air-castles and left him a derelict on the sea of privates. He has entered the lists as a champion for the calico and his ambition is to be known as a heart-smasher, but so far none of those palpitating things hang at his belt, although he has lost his at least half a dozen times.

Matriculated in 1903. Fourth Sergeant Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Manager Track Team; Bomb Staff.

WILLIAM P. TATE Pulaski, Va.

"God may forgive sins, but awkwardness hath
no forgiveness in heaven nor in earth."

"Open Face;" "Pu;" etc. The latter is the only name which really fits, although his lady friends have been heard to call him Will. Old "Pu" is by your side when it comes to anything in the military line, but his strict attention to this branch of the science has left his mind more or less of a blank on most other subjects. Owing to the machine-like precision with which he goes through the manual, this young man has been chosen by Dr. Horner to take charge of his military department—but that is Dr. Horner's funeral, not ours. If other employment fails he may get a job biting hunks out of the Culebra Cut. His ever increasing tendency toward brain storms has made it plain that it is only a question of time until a lunacy commission will have to sit on his case.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "A;" First Sergeant Company "B;" Captain Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Captain Scrub Football Team.





JOHN E. TOWNES.....Petersburg, Va.

"A friend to him he likes, to him he hates eternal enmity."

"John E;" "Jack;" "Johnnie." John E. is one of the steady men of '07. Although not the dean of the Class, he "uses his head" on all occasions. While at one time his attention was turned toward the Jackson Hope, he allowed his military aspirations to outweigh his literary ambition. Shows wonderful talent on the mandolin and what is even more remarkable is his ability to strut at parade and at the same time keep his plume at the proper inclination. Jack is about the only member of the Class who has never blushed and we must let this slip by as an unsolved problem; nevertheless, with this one barrier he will be something great—perhaps.

Matriculated in 1903. Corporal Company "B;" Second Sergeant Company "C;" First Lieutenant Company "D;" Captain Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Mandolin and Guitar Club; Manager of Gymnasium Team; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team; Business Manager THE BOMB.





ADAMS, MAYRANT.....	Jackson, Mississippi
ALBERT, H. GREENWAY.....	Baltimore, Maryland
ALDREDGE, J. HOWARD.....	Dallas, Texas
ARMFIELD, DENNIS F.....	Fayetteville, North Carolina
ARMISTEAD, M. WILLIAM.....	Churchland, Virginia
ARMSTRONG, REUBEN C.....	Vicksburg, Mississippi
BARRY, ARTHUR P.....	Fort Monroe, Virginia
BEARD, CARL G.....	Millpoint, West Virginia
BEVERLY, J. GRAY.....	Winchester, Virginia
BOAZ, J. IRVING.....	Covesville, Virginia
BOSELLY, CHESTER L.....	Brooklyn, New York
BREVARD, R. JOSEPH.....	Charlotte, North Carolina
CAMPBELL, MONCURE.....	Amherst, Virginia
CARNEY, W. BRUCE.....	Churchland, Virginia
CHEN, TING CHIA.....	Canton, China
CHURCH, LEWIS M.....	Washington, District of Columbia
CLAGGETT, S. R.....	Lexington, Illinois
CONVERSE, J. BRANDLEY.....	Selma, Alabama
CORDZ, D. HENRY.....	Birch Tree, Missouri
CURTIS, LE GRANDE B.....	New York
DANCE, WILLIS J.....	Danville, Virginia
DANIELS, FRANK B.....	Goldsboro, North Carolina
DEKLE, LEB.....	Thomasville, Georgia
DEXTER, GEORGE L.....	Dallas, Texas
DEVULT, BEVERLY.....	Johnson City, Tennessee
DUNBAR, R. BATAILLE.....	Augusta, Kentucky

DUNCAN, JACK G.	Columbus, Texas
DUNLAP, ROSS	Whittier, California
DYKEMAN, CONRAD F.	Brooklyn, New York
DUNLAP, W. ALLEN	Lexington, Virginia
EARLY, JUBAL	Lynchburg, Virginia
EFFINGER, WILLIAM L.	Baltimore, Maryland
ELEBASII, CLARENCE	Selma, Alabama
ELLISON, DOUGLASS G.	Richmond, Virginia
ETHERIDGE, DAVID M.	Norfolk, Virginia
FIELD, SCOTT	Calvert, Texas
FISHER, RALPH O.	Pensacola, Florida
FRY, H. MAST.	Springfield, Ohio
GAY, JULIUS B.	Montgomery, Alabama
GIFFEN, D. EVERETT	Wheeling, West Virginia
GOMBERT, JAMES G.	Houston, Texas
GORDON, JOHN M.	Bryan, Texas
GRAVES, HENRY L.	Atlanta, Georgia
GREER, JOSEPH E.	Peoria, Illinois
HANCOCK, AMMON G.	Lynchburg, Virginia
HARRINGTON, FRANK C.	Bristol, Virginia
HARVEY, HARRY H.	Huntington, West Virginia
HARVEY, ELDEO DUDLEY	Los Angeles, California
HASKELL, T. SHEAFE	Durberly Lion, Vermont
HEADLEY, HAL PRICE	Lexington, Kentucky
HUNDLEY, J. PHILIPS	Lebanon, Kentucky
HUTCHINSON, D. OSBORNE	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
IRWIN, REGINALD F.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
JAMISON, STANFORD C.	New Orleans, Louisiana
JONES, ALGER	Dallas, Texas
KINDER, WARREN L.	Bridgeville, Delaware
LANGSTAFF, JAMES D.	Paducah, Kentucky
LOOP, JOHN E.	Chattanooga, Tennessee
LOWE, RUSSELL L.	Baltimore, Maryland
McCORMICK, HOWELL B.	Uniontown, Pennsylvania
McFERRIN, WILLIAM	Hoopestown, Illinois
McKEE, WILLIAM C.	Grant, Virginia
McKUSICK, JOHN C.	Bemidji, Minnesota
MANKY, HERBERT C.	Cortland, Virginia
MARSHALL R. ALLEN	Norfolk, Virginia
MONTGOMERY, JAMES W.	Frankfort, Kentucky
MORRIS, EUGENE	Watseka, Illinois
NASH, JAMES H.	Charleston, West Virginia
OFFUTT, FRANK B.	Bloomfield, Kentucky
PACE, HOMER E.	Corsicana, Texas

PARKER, MILTON.....	Bryan, Texas
PATTON, GEORGE S.	Los Angeles, California
PAUL, CHARLES G.	Harrisonburg, Virginia
PERKINS, EDWARD C.	Mexico City, Mexico
POLK, HARDING.....	Fort Worth, Texas
PUTNEY STEPHEN	Richmond, Virginia
RANKIN, EARLE.....	Kansas, City Missouri
RHODES, JOHN I.....	Riverton, Virginia
ROSE, PHILIP L.	Yonkers, New York
ROWE, IRVING A.....	Troy, New York
ROYSTER, THOMAS H.....	Norfolk, Virginia
SLOCUMB, C. DEWEY.....	Goldsboro, North Carolina
SMITH, CALVIN M.	Rogersville, Tennessee
SMITH, JAMES M.....	Pocahontas, Virginia
STEVENS, OWEN B.....	Atlanta, Georgia
STRAS, W. BEVERLEY	Tazewell, Virginia
TAYLOR, R. PIERCE.....	Lake City, Florida
THAXTER, ALLEN.....	Portland, Maryland
WELLS, EDWARD L.....	Charleston, South Carolina
WEN, YING-HSMG.....	Canton, China
WHITE, J. STEWART	Warrenton, Virginia
WILLIAMS, ROY R.....	Columbus, Texas
WILLIAMSON, PAXTON G.....	Mount Jackson, Virginia
WILSON, WILLIAM V.....	St. Louis, Missouri
WINSTON, G. OTIS	Washington, District of Columbia
ZUFALL, ST. JOHN.....	Myersville, Virginia



History of Class of 1907



ANOTHER year is rolling rapidly by, and the BOMB Editor informs us that it is again time for our Class history. So, although the long-looked-for inspiration has not yet arrived, we shall proceed, with the one request, however, that if you are bored please do not say so. We can get along very well without the knowledge, and in return you can comfort yourself with the thought that this will be positively our last appearance. It seems hard to realize that four years have almost come and gone since a scared mass of rats, stumbling over each other in their efforts to escape notice, and expecting death or something worse at every turn, entered V. M. I. on that memorable September morn, and started the Class of old '07. Yet time works wonders, and that same scared mass of rats was none other than the now dignified First Class, which expects to startle the world in June.

As it is impossible to enumerate all of the little happenings that have gradually been moulded into Class history as the years have crept by, and as your humble scribe wishes to be able to stay safely in barracks after writing this epistle, we shall only make a sweeping outline of the four years, with the hope that our readers may be well enough acquainted with the school to understand some of the peculiar V. M. I. expressions.

I will not dwell at length upon the happenings of our rat year. The polite



When '07 were Third Classmen

manners, generosity of V. M. I. rats at mess, and ever willing manner in the presence of old cadets have grown to be proverbial, and we were no exception to the general rule. The only difference in our case was that we reaped the benefit of the more improved instruments of torture which necessarily keep pace with the other advances in civilization (?).

We did one stunt which was a little far advanced for rats, namely, that of all going out on the stoops at the same time and making our reports. The noise was something terrific, and although we acted in haste and repented at leisure, walking tours through the wee sma' hours of the night, we think we can lay easy claim to the acme of "cheekiness."



'07 Football Team—Class Champions



Lovers' Leap

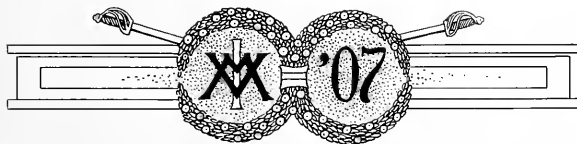
Our return as Third Classmen found about thirty of our members missing. This loss was partially compensated for by the addition of about fifteen Third Class rats, who were ushered in with fitting ceremony, and we proceeded on our way, without any radical differences from other third classes, the chief event of interest being that we passed the dreaded year without all being dismissed.

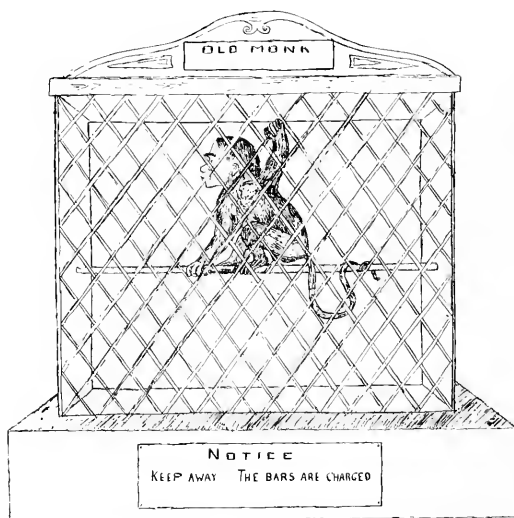
Misfortune befell us again at the end of our Third Class year, and we lost some of our best men, among them Loop Daniels, Perkins and others. With a few other changes since then, our Class has remained essentially the same.

We are proud to say that during her four years here '07 has taken part in every phase of College life. On the football, baseball, gymnasium and track teams she has had prominent representatives, and in regard to the other College duties, we are glad to say she has never been found wanting. Better still, she has kept a fine class spirit through it all, and no matter what may lie ahead of us we shall never forget the pleasant days we have spent together.

But my space is filled and my time is up, so I shall bore you no longer. In closing there is only one line I would add—"Three Cheers for old '07."

HISTORIAN.







Second Class

Colors

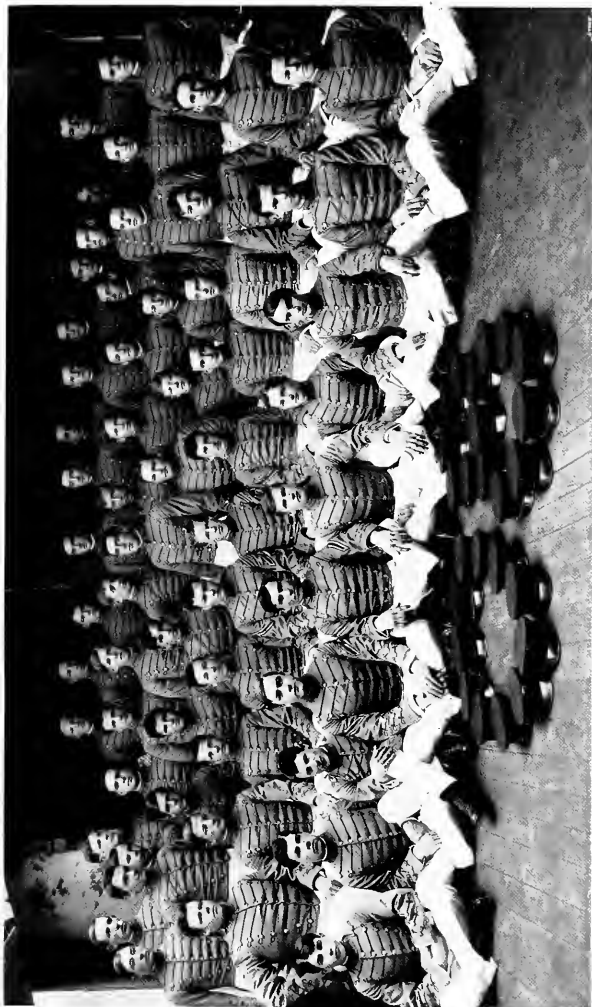
Baby Blue and White

Officers

ROBERT W. MASSIE.....	<i>President</i>
W. THOMAS POAGUE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ARTHUR P. LEWIS.....	<i>Historian</i>

Members

ADAMS, ISAAC F.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
ANDERSON, R. TEAGUE.....	Lexington, Virginia
ANDERSON, STEWART.....	Portsmouth, Virginia
BARNES, OLIN B.....	Snow Hill, Maryland
BIEDLER, WILLIAM T.....	Baltimore, Maryland
BLOCH, CLARENCE F.....	Pocahontas, Virginia
BOND, EDWARD J.....	New York, New York
BRITTON, LOUIS N.....	Percy, Mississippi
BROOKE, RICHARD.....	Sutherlin, Virginia
BROWN, STUART E.....	Richmond, Virginia
BYRD, CHARLES Q.....	Williamsville, Virginia
CARTER, CHARLES S.....	Newport News, Virginia
CASKIE, HAMILTON B.....	Bedford City, Virginia
CHAMBERS, MIDDLETON.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
CHAMBLISS, JOHN A.....	Chattanooga, Tennessee
DASHIELL, ROBERT M.....	Richmond, Virginia
DESHAZO, MARTIN G.....	Ridgeway, Virginia
DEVULT, BEVERLY.....	Johnson City, Tennessee
DOCKERY, CHARLES P.....	Memphis, Tennessee
DONNAN, A. EDLOE.....	Richmond, Virginia
DOYLE, JOHN E.....	Norfolk, Virginia
DREWRY, IRVING L.....	Capron, Virginia
DUNBAR, R. BATAILLE.....	Augusta, Kentucky



89. SSVTG

EARLE, LAURENCE H.	Montclair, New Jersey
EDWARDS, ROBERT O.	Norfolk, Virginia
ENGLISHMAN, J. GUY.	Lexington, Virginia
FERRELL, W. WARREN.	Danville, Virginia
FICKES, FRANK A.	Carnegie, Pennsylvania
FRAY, JOHN M.	Culpeper, Virginia
GENTRY, ALONZO H.	Independence, Missouri
GRANT, PERCY S.	Richmond, Virginia
HANCOCK, EDWARD H.	West Appomattox, Virginia
HARWOOD, THOMAS M.	Gonzales, Texas
HEWSON, JOHN P.	Orange, Texas
HIRST, J. TERRY.	Purcellville, Virginia
HOWELL, BISCO R.	Tarboro, North Carolina
HUNTER, CHARLES E.	West Appomattox, Virginia
JARVIS, J. PITTS.	Noble Lake, Arkansas
JOHNSON, CONRAD.	Alexandria, Virginia
JONES, HARRY T.	Norfolk, Virginia
LEWIS, ARTHUR P.	Cohasset, Massachusetts
MC CREERY, EDWARD P.	Hinton, West Virginia
MC CURDY, J. FIELDING.	Marshall, Missouri
MALONE JOHN.	Buffalo, New York
MASSIE, ROBERT W.	Lynchburg, Virginia
MONTGOMERY, JAMES W.	Frankfort, Kentucky
MORGAN, BEN C.	McIntosh, Alabama
PEEK, J. HOPE.	Hampton, Virginia
PENDLETON, R. TUCKER.	Lexington, Virginia
PIERCE, JOHN Q.	St. Johns, Michigan
POAGUE, W. THOMAS.	Lexington, Virginia
RANKIN, EARL.	Goshen, New York
SCHMIDT, HERMAN C.	Richmond, Virginia
SCHULTZ, OTTO E.	Seguin, Texas
SCOTT, JOHN T.	Lynchburg, Virginia
SMITH, ROBERT L.	Marshall, Missouri
TALIAFERRO, EDWARD H.	Bunkie, Louisiana
TAYLOR, MORGAN.	Joplin, Missouri
TRISLER, JOHN L.	Hartwell, Ohio
WARD, GEORGE B.	St. Louis, Missouri
WICKMAN, GEORGE B.	Richmond, Virginia
WILTSHIRE, TURNER H.	Baltimore, Maryland
WOLFE, WALTER McI.	Chatham, New Jersey
ZUFALL, S. JOHN.	Myersdale, Pennsylvania
Total.	64



"The rythmic flow of the frog in the meadow"

History of Class of 1908



WHILE the Second Class Historian has no Herculean feat to perform, yet he has a little feeling of uncertainty when the BOMB Editors ask him for his manuscript. The Historian of the Fourth Class easily finds fit subjects to fill his paragraphs, the new and strange life of the cadet containing many things that appeal to him in different lights. With the Third Classman it is the same; anecdotes of their exploits, bomb-firing, hazing and disorder, constitute their chronicle.

What is left, then, to the Second Classman? The ordinary barrack life, with its daily incidents, forms no subject for a history, so we have to resort to something superior. We have almost reached our graduate year now, and have found a little more serious light to existence than does the irresponsible Third Classman or the terrified "rat." With this growth of dignity, be it little or great, we like the reminiscence more, for both its past and near future. We have nearly passed through the three hardest years of cadet life, and only one more lies before us: the First Class year, with its privileges and attractions and greater feeling of fraternal association, even between two such extremes as the military captain and the slack private. Thus with the past and future to refer to, we take the latter as it is, bright with hopes and ambitions but we leave the past to look back at when we are alumni, a time when it will appear to us in its full worth. So with a word on the Class as a whole, and a line to athletics, we will jump to the climax of the Second Classman's career and then bid farewell to undergraduate life.

Our Class is still of a goodly number, sixty or over, and as many are ambitious of getting "dips," we stand a fair chance of putting forth a record requisition for them. Our reduction in numbers is due to the losing of some good men, Montgomery and Fraser, conspicuous in Varsity athletics, and several others who had not won such a standing on the gridiron or diamond.

In athletics, '08 is still holding her good record, in spite of the men lost, as Massie, Fray, Hancock, Biedler, Poague, Doyle, Byrd and Devault are wearing the Varsity monogram. At Lynchburg, in our game of the year, they all "made

good," the whole team playing a game that the cadets appreciated. The 'Varsity ball team has an excellent schedule this year, with openings on the nine at two of the bases and at the plate. Possibly some members of '08's champion class team of last year can steal in them.

There is something to look forward to this year after the ball games, and that is the trip to Jamestown. That is the place where the cadet is in his element, a good deal to see, a good deal going on, and, we are sorry to say, a great deal of work, too. But that will count for little, for drills, parade, and other ceremonies over, we will truly be "on the warpath."

The trip over, we will return to barracks and in a few days will come the time in the four years of a cadet's life when the world seems all for him. The First Class graduate is sad; "Auld Lang Syne" is about to sever him from cadet life, with its recollections and closest friendships formed, and leave him to the world beyond. With the cadet entering on his last year it is different. Then we of the Second Class drop the old cadet grey for "Blues," and blossom out at the hops as embryo graduates. The "Paletots" are the center of attraction until the night of the Final Ball. Then we are First Classmen. The dull boom of the opening gun and the lively strains of the march follow each other in quick succession. There is a delicate sensation of seniority finally achieved, while we step through the figure, as 1908 gives its best wishes to 1907, and in connection with the elegant tableau formed by the ball-room, it makes a fitting introduction to our last year at V. M. I.

HISTORIAN '08.





Under the Spreading
Branches of the Tree



Third Class

Colors

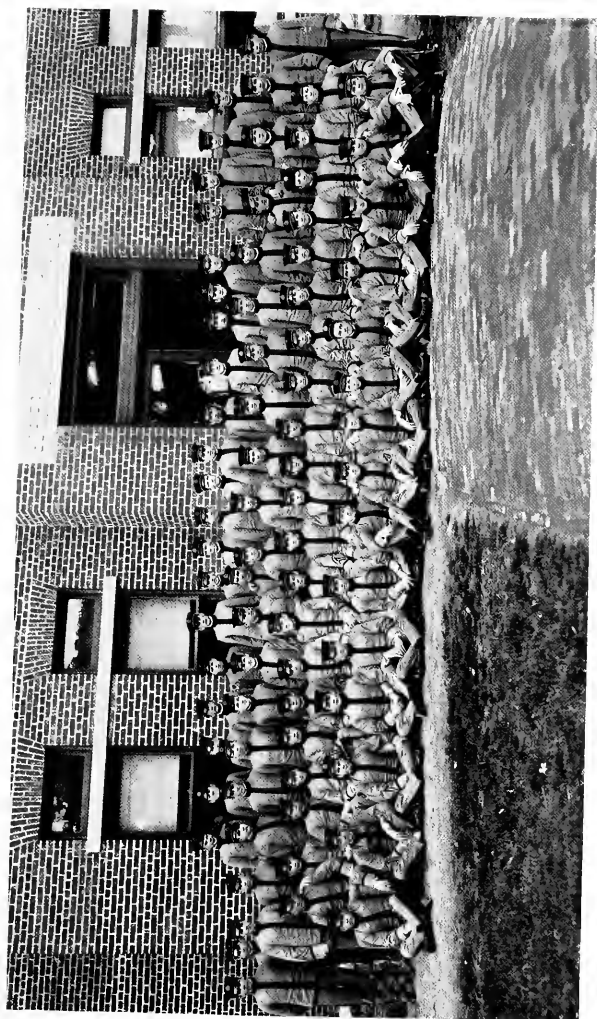
Purple and White

Officers

THOMAS M. SCOTT	President
WYTHE M. RHETT	Vice-President
B. DAVIS MAYO	Historian

Members

ADAMS, FRED W.	Kansas City, Missouri
ADAMS, HAYS O.	Lynchburg, Virginia
ALEXANDER, G. MURRELL	Lynchburg, Virginia
ARMSTRONG, ANTHONY G.	Alexandria, Virginia
BARNES, ARCHIBALD E.	Snow Hill, Maryland
BORDEN, F. KENNON	Goldsboro, North Carolina
BRETT, GEORGE H.	Cleveland, Ohio
BROWN, ALBERT G.	Birney, Montana
BURACKER, EDWARD M.	Baltimore, Maryland
CANN, WILLIAM G.	Savannah, Georgia
CASON, L. HENRY	Carrollton, Missouri
CASON, W. EADS	Carrollton, Missouri
CHEW, LENOX C.	Washington, D. C.
CONVERSE, LESTER B.	Selma, Alabama
COSBY, JOHN H.	Milton, North Carolina
CRITTENDEN, JOHN D.	Kansas City, Missouri
CROCKETT, ALBERT S.	Bedford City, Virginia
DANIEL, G. S. OWEN	Savannah, Georgia
DOWNEY, BRUCE J.	Alexandria, Virginia
DOYLE, ROBERT E.	Richmond, Virginia
DRAYTON, CHARLES H.	Charleston, South Carolina
DUNCAN, E. TOWNES	Grenada, Mississippi
ELLISON, LEWIS H.	Norfolk, Virginia



CLASS '09



"At a Trail."

FAISON, WILLIAM A.	Goldsboro, North Carolina
FALLIGANT, LOUIS A.	Savannah, Georgia
FLOYD, BRIAN	Spartanburg, South Carolina
GANT, ROGER	Burlington, North Carolina
GARRARD, WILLIAM	Savannah, Georgia
GATES, OSCAR	Fort Smith, Arkansas
GRAMMER, ROBERT M.	Fort Worth, Texas
GUTHRIE, W. HARDIN	Nashville, Tennessee
HAGER, RICHARD B.	Ashland, Kentucky
HALL, H. LEVIS	Sherman, Texas
HAMLIN, THOMAS	Danville, Virginia
HARDWICKE, ROBERT E.	Sherman, Texas
HAYES, SAMUEL L.	Thomasville, Georgia
HENDERSON, JOHN W.	Germantown, Maryland
HOBSON, JENNINGS W.	Williamsburg, Virginia
JACOB, HERBERT A.	Richmond, Virginia
JAMES, THOMAS G., JR.	Sharkey, Mississippi
JENKINS, COLEMAN W.	Norfolk, Virginia
JERMAN, WILLIAM B.	Raleigh, North Carolina
JONES, BERNARD M.	Richmond, Virginia
JONES, LOUIS L.	Canton, Georgia
KANE, HENRY S.	Gate City, Virginia
KEEN, HUGH B.	Hamilton, Virginia
KING, OGDEN D.	Albemarle, North Carolina
LADD, ARTHUR K.	Sherman, Texas
LINDSEY, EUGENE L.	Alexandria, Virginia
LLOYD, A. EDWARD	Durham, North Carolina
LOWRY, ROBERT A.	Catlettsburg, Kentucky
McCLELLAN, ROBERT W.	Knoxville, Tennessee
McCoy, WILLIAM S.	Independence, Missouri
McMILLEN, DONALD R.	Whitewater, Wisconsin
McMILLIN, DOUGLAS N.	Chattanooga, Tennessee
MACKALL, PORTER A.	Savannah, Georgia
MAGRUDER, JOHN	Woodstock, Virginia
MAHONE, MARION T.	Petersburg, Virginia
MARTIN, JAMES G.	Portsmouth, Virginia
MAY, HUBERT D.	Charleston, West Virginia
MAYO, B. DAVIS	Roanoke, Virginia
MILLER, OTEY N.	Richmond, Virginia
MINIS, CAROL	Savannah, Georgia
MINTON, CHARLES A.	New York, New York
MURCHISON, JOHN R.	Wilmington, North Carolina
NEWSOME, THOMAS W.	McKinney, Texas
NOELL, J. CARROLL	Danville, Virginia

NORRIS, RICHARD J.	Louisville, Kentucky
OWSLEY, ALVIN M.	Denton, Texas
PARRISH, ROBERT E.	Baltimore, Maryland
PENDLETON, ARVID M.	New York, New York
PENN, WILLIAM J.	Reidsville, North Carolina
POLK, GEORGE W.	Fort Worth, Texas
POLLOCK, JULIUS.	Wheeling, West Virginia
PORTER, HENRY J.	Birmingham, Alabama
PRESTON, FRANK B.	Amsterdam, Virginia
PRETTYMAN, T. MANN.	Marion, South Carolina
READ, O. MIDDLETON.	Yemassee, South Carolina
RHETT, WYTHE M.	Columbus, Mississippi
RICHARDSON, GRAY.	Reidsville, North Carolina
ROBERTSON, GEORGE T.	Mexico, Missouri
SCOTT, THOMAS M.	McKinney, Texas
SEARLES, HUGH.	Vicksburg, Mississippi
SIMS, N. PORTER.	Bowling Green, Kentucky
SINCLAIR, JESSE L.	Hampton, Virginia
SMITH, HOWARD F.	Houston, Texas
SMITH, WALTER C.	Wheeling, West Virginia
STARK, J. CARTER.	Morelia, Mexico
STEVENS, CECIL W.	Richmond, Virginia
SUMMERS, GROVER C.	Mooresburg, Tennessee
SUTTON, D. BRATTON	Mt. Sterling, Kentucky
WAGNER, RICHARD F.	Newport News, Virginia
WESTMORELAND, WILLIS F.	Atlanta, Georgia
WHEELER, CARNALL.	Sallisaw, Indian Territory
WHITE, ORRIN B.	Richmond, Virginia
WIEST, PHILIP R.	York, Pennsylvania
WILLIAMS, JOSEPH B.	Fort Smith, Arkansas
Total.	97



History of Class of 1909



UR arrival this year was somewhat different from that of last year; we didn't have to tell anybody who we were, where we were from, or who we knew, that he knew. After many handshakes, and some talk of the boys who didn't come back, it dawned on us that the long-coveted time had come, and we were Third Classmen. No sooner had we realized this than we began to put those, whose tails had just taken root, through a course similar to the one we had received in the days of our "rathood." You know few have the misfortune to be Third Classmen more than one year, and if, during that time, any opportunity to break previous records is lost, it is keenly felt. '09 has no cause for censuring itself on this score, however, for if startling events were ever bunched, they were bunched this year.

It was along in the latter part of September that a number of great big White and Purple '09's mysteriously appeared on the blackboards in the Academic Building. These had hardly been removed when others took their places, this time not only on the blackboards, but on the walls and floors, also. This naturally provoked those in authority, and an investigation was started. The detective work would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes. By means, unknown to us, a speck of paint was found on a tennis shoe in a certain room, and the following out of this clue resulted in the loss of our vice-president. Of course we were "blue" for a few days, but it didn't last long, as was seen by the number of explosions that took place in the courtyard a few days later. For a time this firing of bombs was the chief amusement, but the risk of being caught was too great, and the punishment too severe, so it soon ceased, and we relapsed into the characteristic apathy of third classes.

To break the monotony some one suggested that we follow in the footsteps of '09 and '05. Arrangements were carefully made, and on the evening of January 5, the entire Class fell out from supper roll-call without creating the least suspicion; and while the corps was at supper, each man got a pillow-case full of fireworks from a supply that had been previously smuggled into barracks, and made his way silently through the engine room to the inside of the Academic

Building. On tip-toes they all went up to the third floor, and by means of a ladder, climbed up through the clock tower and out on the roof. Everything worked without a hitch; the ladder was pulled up after the last man, the trap-door was closed, and nothing remained to be done but to wait for the return of the corps from supper.

When the first man came through the arch, the signal for the fun to begin was sounded on the bugle by a member of the Class, and the scene that followed is beyond description. Thousands of sky-rockets and Roman candles shot into the air, and innumerable bombs exploded in the courtyard. Never before was such a display of fireworks seen in Lexington. It lasted for nearly half an hour, and was wound up by a cheer for everybody connected with the Institute. The officers, in the meantime, arrived on the scene, and deputized all the members of the upper classes to assist in subduing the culprits; but it was not the intention of those on the house-roof to defy the authorities. They only wanted to have a little fun, and when it was over, they came down quietly, and in an orderly manner, to be placed under arrest, and finally dismissed. They were, however, subsequently reinstated by the Board of Visitors, who inflicted punishment to the extent of twenty penalty tours each, and confinement until the end of the session.

The statue hasn't been painted this year, but the winter has been mild and George hasn't needed a new coat. Such tricks as that are too easy for '09 anyhow; its mischief has been of a variety that is seldom seen, and is not soon forgotten. The record has been made and is in the archives of the Institute; and '09 passes on to its more responsible station with a feeling of deep satisfaction.

But the history is not complete without mentioning the fact that a number of the Class worked hard on the football field, and several have made a place on the baseball team; '09 is "there with the goods" in athletics.

HISTORIAN '09.





"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers."

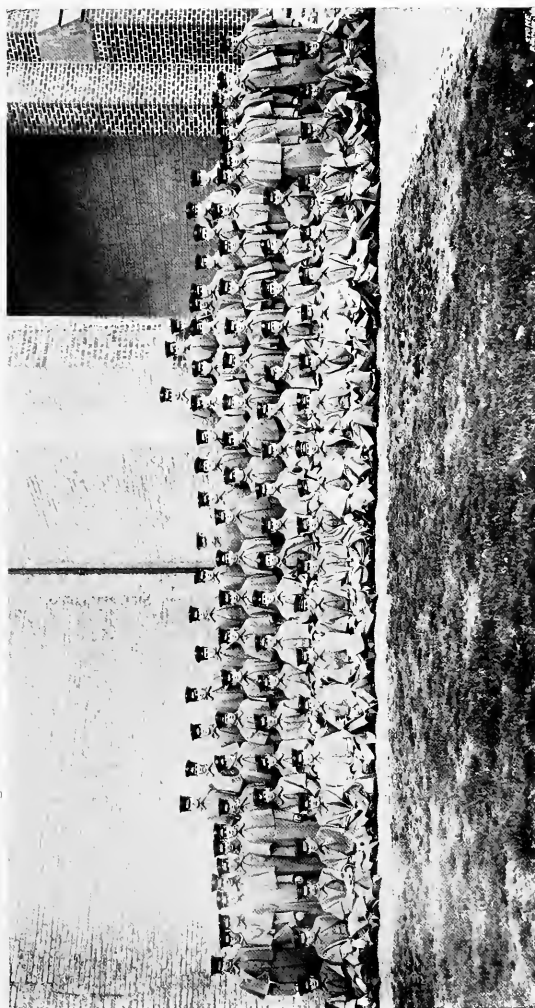
Fourth Class

Officers

RICE H. THOMAS.....	<i>President</i>
J. KEARSLEY KEARNEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JOE H. GARNETT.....	<i>Historian</i>

Members

AKIN, SPENCER B.....	Greenville, Mississippi
ANDERSON, JAMES A., JR.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
BALDINGER, ORA M.....	Norfolk, Virginia
BLOW, ALLMAND M.....	Ware Neck, Virginia
BOOTH, C. MURRAY.....	Chicago, Illinois
BOOTH, LANCE E.....	Chicago, Illinois
BOWE, WILLIAM F.....	Augusta, Georgia
BOYLAN, RUFUS T.....	Raleigh, North Carolina
BROWN, CHARLES C.....	St. Louis, Missouri
BROWN, MILLS.....	La Grange, Texas
BROWN, ROY H.....	Knoxville, Tennessee
BRYANT, WILLIAM C.....	Raynor, Virginia
BULLOCK, WILLIAM B.....	Irwin, Virginia
BURDEAU, GEORGE T.....	St. Louis, Missouri
CAFFERY, JAMES P.....	La Fayette, Louisiana
CALDWELL, P. GENTRY.....	Danville, Kentucky
CARTWRIGHT, PETER A.....	Nashville, Tennessee
CHILDERS, J. GREY.....	Temple, Texas
COLDWELL, PHILIP.....	El Paso, Texas
CONVERSE, ALEX J.....	Columbus, Ohio
COULBOURN, CHARLES B.....	Walker's Ford, Virginia
CRELL, HARRISON B.....	Elsie, Michigan
CROWSON, BEN F.....	Parksley, Virginia
DANIELS, GEORGE S.....	Goldsboro, North Carolina
DARBY, FREDERICK J.....	Lampasas, Texas
DASHIELL, HARRY G.....	Smithfield, Virginia
DENHAM, JAMES L.....	Washington, D. C.



CLASS '10

DERBY, CLYDE L.	Norfolk, Virginia
DILLARD, WOOD	Baltimore, Maryland
DODSON, H. LEE	St. Michaels, Maryland
EASTHAM, KENNA G.	Harrisonburg, Virginia
ENGLISH, PAUL X.	Richmond, Virginia
EVERETT, PERCY G.	Sands, Virginia
FINCH, THOMAS C.	Huntsville, Texas
FRASER, DOUGLAS M.	San Antonio, Texas
FRIEDLIN, THOMAS H.	Portsmouth, Virginia
GARBER, DANIEL M.	Brooklyn, New York
GARNETT, JOE H.	Gainesville, Texas
GILLIAM, JAMES R., JR.	Lynchburg, Virginia
GODDARD, WALTER S.	Washington, North Carolina
GUDGELL, CHARLES D.	Independence, Missouri
HAAS, HARRY C.	Louisville, Kentucky
HAMNER, G. CARROLL	Washington, D. C.
HOLTON, W. LAYTON	Centreville, Maryland
HULL, CARL T.	New York, New York
HUNT, CLAUDE DEB	Fort Assiniboine, Montana
IVES, ERNEST L.	Norfolk, Virginia
JOHNSON, FRANCIS L.	Crescent, West Virginia
JOHNSON, JOHN P.	Crescent, West Virginia
JONES, W. CARLETON	Norfolk, Virginia
JORDAN, J. JULIAN	Hinton, West Virginia
KEARNEY, J. KEARSLEY	Baltimore, Maryland
KIELY, ROBERT V.	Chilhowie, Virginia
KINSOLVING, HERBERT B.	Mt. Sterling, Kentucky
LAMBERT, HOMER G.	Joplin, Missouri
LAWSON, R. BARKSDALE	South Boston, Virginia
LENKARD, GUY M.	Wheeling, West Virginia
LIND, WARNER E.	McMinnville, Tennessee
LIPPER, LAWRENCE I.	Houston, Texas
LOYD, ORIN C.	Durham, North Carolina
MACLEAN, GEORGE M.	Savannah, Georgia
MADISON, C. EARL	Chicago, Illinois
MARGOLIUS, ALVIN	Norfolk, Virginia
MILLER, JOHN M., JR.	Richmond, Virginia
MILLER, RANDOLPH D.	Roanoke, Virginia
MISH, ROBERT, W. H.	Middlebrook, Virginia
MURPHY, D. EDWARD	Washington, D. C.
NELSON, PEYTON G.	Lynchburg, Virginia
NICHOLS, JAMES A., JR.	Petersburg, Virginia
NOBLE, STEPHEN N.	Tallapoosa, Georgia
NOLEN, JAMES W.	Fincastle, Virginia

NOWLIN, ROBERT A.	Lynchburg, Virginia
ORR, ROBERT S.	Pennington Gap, Virginia
PAYNE, J. GORDON, JR.	Lynchburg, Virginia
PAXTON, MATTHEW W.	Independence, Missouri
PEYTON, THOMAS G.	Richmond, Virginia
POAGUE, HENRY G.	Lexington, Virginia
QUICK, AUSTIN T., JR.	Lynchburg Virginia
RANKIN, GEORGE I.	Goshen, New York
RHETT, R. BARNWELL.	Summersville, S. C.
RICHARDS, RUSSELL	Riverton, Virginia
ROBERTS, JOHN Y.	Valdosta, Georgia
ROYALL, SAMUEL J.	Wilmington, North Carolina
SAUNDERS, RICHARD B.	Richmond, Virginia
SCHULTZ, PERCY J.	Seguin, Texas
SHEPHERD, BROWNIE F.	Clinton, Indiana
SMITH, WILLIAM A.	Goldsboro, North Carolina
SNIDOW, ROBERT W.	Pembroke, Virginia
STARK, J. VIRGIL.	Kansas City, Missouri
STEADMAN, WALTER T.	Elsie, Michigan
STEVENS, GEORGE W., JR.	Richmond, Virginia
TAIT, ROBERT L.	Norfolk, Virginia
TALIAFERRO, John C.	Baltimore, Maryland
TAYLOR, ALBERT L.	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
TAYLOR, JOHN T.	Rocky Mount, Virginia
THOMAS, NEWELL E.	Taylor, Texas
THOMAS, RICE H.	Roanoke, Virginia
THOMPSON, JOHN V.	Lynch, Virginia
TINSLEY, JAMES W., JR.	East Radford, Virginia
WAGGONER, WILLIAMS H.	Independence, Missouri
WARNER, ROBERT H.	St. Louis, Missouri
WEBSTER, L. WALLACE.	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
WENDEROTH, COLLIER.	Fort Smith, Arkansas
WHITE, GILBERT G.	Abingdon, Virginia
WHITE, JAMES L.	McKinney, Texas
WILKINSON, ROBERT, JR.	Memphis, Tennessee
WILSON, G. SCOTT.	Belton Missouri
WILLIAMS, J. MONTAGUE.	Fort Smith, Arkansas
WILMOT, FRED A.	Lexington, Missouri
WINDER, JOHN C.	Columbus, Ohio
WRIGHT, J. LUTHER.	Churchland, Virginia
WISDOM, RAY M.	Jackson, Tennessee
YANCEY, JAMES P.	Culpeper, Virginia
YOUNG, W. LESLIE.	Lexington, Virginia
Total.	116

History of Class of 1910



S the humble chronicler of the doings and achievements of this Class, I will now proceed to relate as best I may, just where they can be found in the Hall of Fame.

What they have done is little, but what has been done to them is much—verily, a plenty.

On September 11th, 1906, the Class was formed, since, there have been numerous additions, some divisions, and quite a number of subtractions—in fact, during our first week here there was a general exodus, owing to a very cordial reception tendered us by the Third Class, who displayed their kindly solicitude by calling at all hours of the day and night.

The first two weeks were times that tried men's souls, indeed. In white gloves and caps we were put under the charge of certain irritable gentlemen to be initiated into the life military. The days dragged by, we began slowly to learn and to assume a meekness which only a rat—that minus quantity in the problem of life—can have.

Then football practice commenced, and a number of our young hopefuls went out—among them one who made the team.

There are times in the affairs of rats when it seems the world's coming to an end. Blissfully "hitting the hay," we would suddenly experience a vivid reproduction of the San Francisco earthquake and after a series of mid-air gyrations, we would hit the floor with the feather-like concussion of a ton of brick!!! A hollow, mocking, Mephistophelean laugh would come floating out from the inky darkness and the son of unrest would leave—Thank the Lord!

This year we have learned to sweep with a broom—next year we shall find it has higher uses.

In this picturesque land, Virginia, an incident famous in history was enacted. Powhatan, a gentleman with a strong arm and a war-club, got one mere man, Captain John Smith, over a log and was about to despatch said Smith to a place where all the good Smiths go, when Pocahontas, a primitive Lady Bountiful with a kind heart, put her head on the Captain's shoulder and looked up at Dad with a "we're engaged" smile. Papa immediately relented and gave

them his blessing and they went on their way rejoicing. Well! thereby hangs a tale. Every evening at V. M. I. this same thing happens. Powhatan is generally portrayed very successfully by some muscular Third Classman, who is a firm believer in the efficacy and persuasiveness of The Big Stick. Captain John Smith is played by some rat. Everybody's there but Pocahontas—and, in the natural course of events, Captain Smith gets what's coming to him.

One of the momentous and fateful incidents of the year was the signing of a pledge. It seems one of the Class had climbed down from the street-sprinkler and inadvertently fallen into the clutches of the Demon Rum, becoming exceedingly hilarious. The gentleman was reported and to save the erring one from a trip home with an indefinite stay attached, we affixed our names to a pledge which had the strength of Gibraltar and would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of the indomitable Carrie.

When Finals shall have become a thing of the past, and the cherished transition from rats to Third Classmen been accomplished—the heretofore rats will still retain their tails, grow horns and display their cloven hoofs.

During the year we have received many—truly—many impressions, run at least ten thousand errands, answered that eternal question, "Anything to eat," quite as many times, searched Barracks regularly every Sunday for some literature to while away his Majesty's time in church—collected some morsel or carload of said morsels, if they could be had, to tickle his Worship's palate and carried him quite enough matches to keep ever burning the sacred fires—finally to barely escape with our lives from his Chamber of Horrors.

As I sit here in the gathering gloom of the V. M. I. electric lights, I can almost hear you, kind reader, sigh—so I must close.

HISTORIAN.





"My deah boy! It gives me great pleasure to give you a zip!!!"

Recapitulation

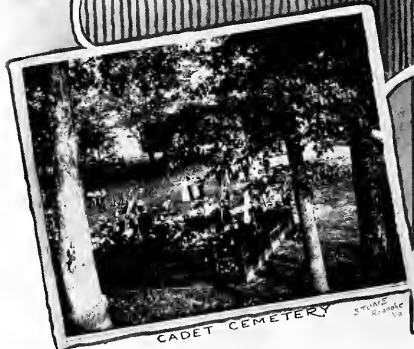
Virginia	124
Texas	29
Missouri	21
North Carolina	18
Georgia	14
Maryland	13
Tennessee	13
Kentucky	11
West Virginia	9
New York	8
Mississippi	6
South Carolina	6
Arkansas	5
Illinois	5
Pennsylvania	5
District of Columbia	4
Ohio	4
Alabama	3
Louisiana	3
Michigan	3
Montana	2
Indiana	1
Indian Territory	1
Kansas	1
Massachusetts	1
Mexico	1
New Jersey	1
Wisconsin	1
Total	313



SKATING ON NORTH RIVER



WARD HOUSE



CADET CEMETERY

STONE
CROSS



A FORCED MARCH

My First Day



“ENTER” out, Mister,” and though not knowing how, I think I imitated it very well. Such was the loving greeting which smote upon my ear as I entered the arch on that first morning of my rat year.

Of course when I left home Mamma had told me that I was coming up to run the school, but I confess I didn't think my greatness was so apparant that I should be called “Mister” the first day, and as for the rest of the greeting though, I never had heard these terms of endearment before, I could see by the expressions on my new friends' faces that they were sincere, so it was all right. Thus was started my first day at V. M. L., a day that, live long as I may, I shall never forget.

But my dream of greatness was short lived. After being questioned about my whole family history and that of all my acquaintances, to date, I was told to go to my room and, notwithstanding the fact that I had not yet picked out which room I wanted, I set off down the stoop. To tell you the truth I was growing rather tired of my present surroundings. It seemed as if I were in demand. I hadn't gone ten steps and was beginning to congratulate myself on getting off so easy, when a big fellow, not over ten feet tall, with blood in his eye, and a broom in his hand, stuck his head out of a door, and yelled to me to come in there. I meekly obeyed. There was nothing else for me to do. With my knees hitting together at every step and my heart sticking in my throat I entered the room. God was kind to me then, for if he had let a pin drop on the floor at that moment I verily believe I would have passed away.

However my fears were groundless. The big fellow, putting down the broom, took a bucket in his hand and turned toward me; I noticed with some relief that his face looked *almost* human then. “Here Rat,” he said, swelling out his chest. “Take this up on the second stoop and tell ‘Miss Chuck’ to send me down that bucket of countersigns.” Lord! he looked big. I would have almost sworn he had grown since I first saw him. I didn't have any idea who “Miss Chuck” was or what he meant by the second stoop, but I determined to find the lady if she was above ground, so off I went. If he had wanted the moon I believe

I would have performed a miracle and brought it to him. After searching around for about an hour to the general amusement of everybody I saw, I found "Miss Chuck," and I want to say right here to her credit, that I believed then, that she actually had a heart in her body, a portion of physical anatomy which I had begun to think was entirely lacking in the place. I think he smiled just a little as he told me that the countersigns were all down in No. 160 where the tatto oil was also kept. But I changed my good opinion of him when I found out that there was no such room in barracks. Well, I loafed around with a hunted look on my face for almost two hours and finally got up nerve enough to take the empty bucket back to my big friend, conjuring up all sorts of fears as I went. He only laughed when I came in though, and told me to go to my room.

At last, I found it. It isn't hard to describe it because it only contained a table, a radiator, and four bare walls. As I was pretty tired, I looked around to see if I could see the door to my bed room. But I didn't see any, so convinced that some one had raided my room before I got in, I purchased the radiator and table draws from an old cadet who said that he had owned them the year before, and began to look around for a place to lay my weary bones.

But rest was not for me. It was soon time for dinner, and after a call on the drum, all of the rats began hastening down in front of barracks. I hadn't eaten any thing since I had gotten in, but for the first time that morning, I noticed that I was hungry. I went down too, and after much hollering and kicking which sounded more like driving mules on the farm than any thing else I had ever heard, they headed us into the mess hall. My big friend of the countersigns instantly beckoned me to a seat at his table. I forgot my appetite in a moment, not wishing to appear ungrateful, however, I went. Shall I ever forget that first meal? After playing baseball for about ten minutes with all of the glasses on the table, I was the catcher, they told me to hop on the water and I sat there and poured water till I felt like a hydraulic ram. I didn't eat much that meal. Just wasn't very hungry, you know (?).

So far as personal discomfiture was concerned, my first evening passed off rather uneventful. 'Tis true I spent most of my time warming my hands on my room mate's red hair and making love to the table leg, and once even got three licks with a broom because I laughed. Still I didn't mind those as long as I seemed to be in the public amusement business. But there was one thing which worried me. I had bought enough old clothes that evening to clothe myself, my children, and my children's children and my heart sank clean down into my shoes as I thought of my old man. What a beast is credit.

But the worst was yet to come. I had just returned from supper and was sitting down on my table thinking how fine (?) it was to be a soldier when some one stepped in the door. I looked up and smiled at him sweetly as he entered but did not rise. You should have seen the expression on his face. I could see that I had done something wrong, but I wasn't quite sure yet whether it was robbery or murder I had committed. He didn't keep me in suspense long. With a voice like I imagine Gabriel will use when he comes to wake the dead on the final day he started out: "Get up from there, MISTER what the h— you thinking about?" I couldn't have told him if I had known. But I felt up to see if my ear drums were still intact and told the truth when I said, very humble, "Nothing Sir." For I pledge you my word, all thought had flown from my mind when he entered the room. Did I get up! Say did you ever see a man sit down on a pin? But he was speaking again. I didn't want to miss any of his kind words, so I listened. "Get over that table," he continued. Now I always had been noted for my obedience, but I know my parents would have opened their mouths with wonder, could they have seen how promptly I obeyed that command. He didn't keep me waiting very long, but taking the new broom which I had just purchased that evening he proceeded to test its strength on my back. I thought at the time what a fortune he could have made beating out carpets or rugs.

When I had about decided that he was going to camp with me all night, luck turned my way and he threw the pieces of the broom over in the corner and departed. My room mates afterward laughed at me because I told them I remained over the table for about ten minutes after he had gone. But to tell you the truth, I was afraid he might take it into his head to come back, and I didn't want to cause him to have to talk any more than was absolutely necessary.

But all good times must end, and the night wore on? After I had taken chances on every thing that I had ever heard of before, including my life, and was beginning to fear that I would throw my old man into a state of bankruptcy, the raillies ceased and tattoo began beating. I firmly believed it was the sweetest sound I had ever heard. Of course I went down with the rest, and having answered my name hurried back, cursing as I came, the evil luck that had brought me to this place. My first day at V. M. I. was almost over. What of comfort would the morrow bring?

* * * * *

But hark! the old clock in the tower that had told the time for so many years was striking now. One by one the glowing lights were swallowed up into

the night. I could see the bugler in the court yard blowing taps. I stopped to listen. For the first time in my life I heard the tune that I have grown to love so well. "Go to sleep," "Go to sleep," "Go to sleep." Thrilled with the sad, sweet notes I crawled into my bed. The bugler was done. The last strains of the grand old tune echoed through the grim old walls and died away, and I was glad I had come.

GEORGE NICHOLLS, JR.





LIMIT GATE IN WINTER

"TO V. M. I."

*Like a fortress in the hill tops
Frowning 'neath Virginia's sky,
Ever casting mystic glances—
Battled walls of V. M. I.*

*Buried deep beneath her shadows
Fondest memories silent lie,
Silvered clouds behind all sorrow,
Treasured dreamland V. M. I.*

*Bold protector of our Southland
May her efforts never die,
Let her sons with love uphold them
For the sake of V. M. I.*

A. B. D., '08.



GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP

Superintendent of Virginia Military Institute

1890-1907



GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP

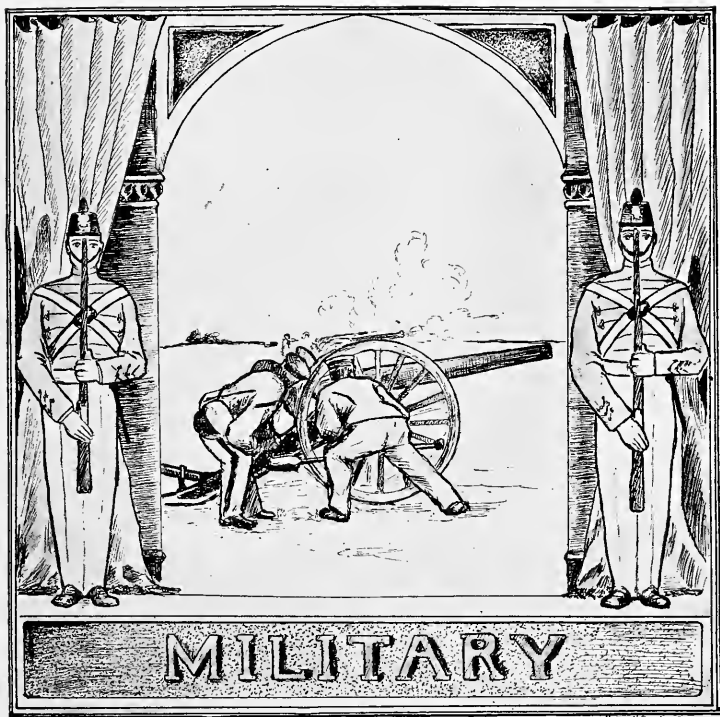
FINALS

When the long spring drills are over
And June has come at last,
And the First Class has ceased grumbling
At the troubles that are past;
When the stiff exams. are ended
Now comes to crown it all—
The last sad day of Finals,
And the night of the Final Ball.

Then each heart is touched with sadness,
As the band plays "Auld Lang Syne,"
For the years we've spent together
Are no longer yours and mine.
Soon old comrades will be parted,
And be scattered far and wide,
And the good old grays so battered,
Will at last be laid aside.

So come close together class-mates
While we drink to every one,
And here's good luck to all, boys,
On life's battle thus begun;
And may each future meeting,
E'en when age bedims the eye,
Bring the memory of our parting,
Dear old days at V. M. I.

T. M. H., '08.



HERALD GENTILE

Military Staff

COLONEL MORRILL M. MILLS

Captain 62d Co., U. S. Coast Artillery
(Commandant of Cadets)

CAPTAIN R. BARCLAY POAGUE

Artillery

CAPTAIN W. WAVERLY LA PRADE

Company "A"

CAPTAIN C. POWELL NOLAND

Company "D"

CAPTAIN JOHN W. NEWMAN

Company "B"

CAPTAIN CLELAND S. SNEAD

Company "C"



CAPT. W. W. LA PRADE



CAPT. J. W. NEWMAN



CAPT. R. RAGLAND



COL. M. MILLS



CAPT. E. P. NOLAND



CAPT. J. C. SNEAD



CAPT. R. B. PORCUE

MILITARY STAFF

Battalion Organization

Battalion Staff

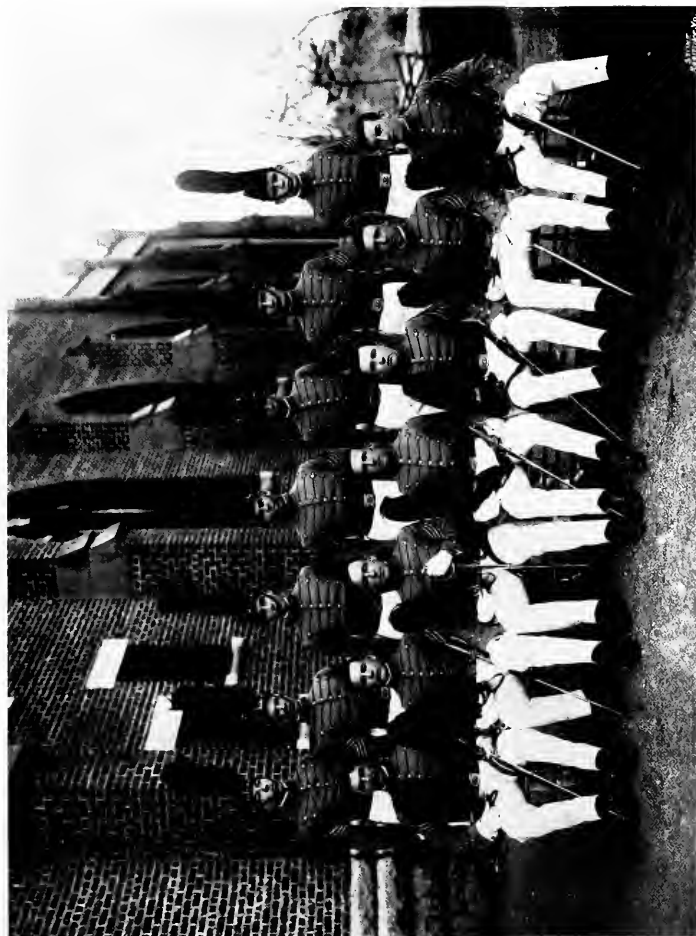
C. A. LYERLY	<i>First Lieutenant and Adjutant</i>
W. H. GILL	<i>Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster</i>
A. E. DONNAN	<i>Sergeant Major</i>

Co. "A"	Co. "B"	Co. "C"	Co. "D"
Captains			
G. W. NICHOLLS	W. L. RILEY	W. P. TATE	H. BECKNER
	J. E. TOWNES		
First Lieutenants			
A. J. STUDE	M. F. EDWARDS	J. D. O'REILLY	J. E. TOWNES ⁽¹⁾
			T. E. SEBRELL
Second Lieutenants			
C. E. KAIN	M. F. COCKRELL	S. PAUL	T. E. SEBRELL ⁽²⁾
			G. M. PEEK ⁽³⁾
First Sergeants			
J. M. FRAY	W. T. POAGUE	G. B. WARD	R. W. MASSIE
Sergeants			
A. H. GENTRY	H. T. JONES	A. P. LEWIE	C. I. PIERCE
E. H. HANCOCK	R. O. EDWARDS	C. S. CARTER	L. H. EARLE
C. Q. BYRD	R. BROOKE	T. M. HARWOOD	T. H. WILTSHIRE
M. TAYLOR	R. C. MORGAN	W. T. BIEDLER	M. G. DESHOZO
Corporals			
A. M. OWSLEY	T. K. BORDEN	J. MAGRUDER	B. D. MAYO
O. M. MILLER	J. H. COSBY	H. J. PORTER	E. M. BURRACKER
G. M. ALEXANDER	T. H. CASON	J. G. RICHARDSON	W. B. JERMAN
R. GANT	J. POLLOCK	G. W. POLK	D. R. McMILLAN
J. D. CRITTENDON	B. FLOYD	H. B. KEENE	T. M. SCOTT
F. B. PRESTON	R. W. McCLELLAN	O. B. WHITE	B. J. DOWNEY
R. M. GRAMMER	W. RHETT	L. C. CHEW	J. W. HOBSON

(1) Promoted from First Lieutenant Co. D, to be Captain Co. B.

(2) Promoted from Second Lieutenant Co. D, to be First Lieutenant Co. D.

(3) Promoted from Private Co. B, to be Second Lieutenant Co. D.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

MY COMPANY

My Company ! To thee I toast;
As thou hast honored me
So may I, sometimes, thee,
All praise and glory be
To thee ! My Company!



Sponsor: Miss Maude Caskie

Company "A"

Captain

GEORGE W. NICHOLLS, JR.

First Lieutenant

A. J. STUDE

Second Lieutenant

C. E. KAIN

First Sergeant

J. M. FRAY

Sergeants

A. H. GENTRY

E. H. HANCOCK

C. Q. BYRD

M. TAYLOR

Corporals

A. M. OWSLEY

O. N. MILLER

F. M. ALEXANDER

B. GRANT

J. D. CRITTENDEN

F. B. PRESTON

R. M. GRAMMER

Privates

F. W. ADAMS

S. B. AKIN

R. T. ANDERSON

O. M. BALDINGER

R. G. BARRETT

E. J. BOND

W. F. BOWE

S. E. BROWN

W. C. BRYANT

W. B. BULLOCK

J. P. CAFFERY

W. CARSON

M. CHAMBERS

J. D. CHILDERS

L. B. CONVERSE

R. B. DUNBAR

E. T. DUNCAN

P. X. ENGLISH

G. H. FULTON

O. GATES

R. E. HARDWICKE

J. P. HEWSON

C. E. HUNTER

E. L. IVES

T. G. JAMES

W. R. JOHNSON

W. P. JOHNSON

H. S. KANE

G. M. LANKARD

H. D. MAY

G. M. MACLEAN

C. MINIS

C. A. MINTON

P. NELSON

R. A. NOWLIN

J. R. RICHARDS

O. SCHULTZ

N. E. THOMAS

P. SCHULTZ

B. F. SHEPHERD

J. L. SINCLAIR

W. C. SMITH

B. L. TAIT

E. TALIFERRO

J. W. TINSLEY

J. S. TRISLER

W. H. WAGGONER

C. WENDEROTH

C. WHEELER

G. G. WHITE

W. L. YOUNG



Sponsor: Miss Riley

Company "B"

Captain

J. E. TOWNES

First Lieutenant

M. F. EDWARDS

Second Lieutenant

M. F. COCKRELL

First Sergeant

W. T. POAGUE

Sergeants

JONES

EDWARDS

BROOKE

MORGAN

Corporals

BORDEN

COSBY

CASON

POLLOCK

FLOYD

McCLELLAN

RHETT

Privates

ADAMS, I.

ANDERSON, J.

BARNES, A.

BARNES, O.

BOOTH BRITTON

BROWN, M.

CRELL

CARTWRIGHT

CALDWELL

CROCKETT

DANIELS DIGGS

DENHAM DASHIELLS, R.

DODSON

TAYLOR, J.

DOYLE, H

DOYLE, J.

FAISON

FERRELL

FICKES

FRASER, M.

FUDGE

HALTON

HOWELL

HUNT

JARVIS

JOHNSON, F.

JONES, L.

LINDSAY

MADISON

McCOY

McCREERY

McMILLIN, N.

NOELL

NORRIS

PENN

PENDLETON

PRETTYMAN

ROYALL

SCHMIDT

SHERIDAN

SNIDOW

WILSON

SIMS STEADMAN

STEVENS

TALIAFERRO, J.

TAYLOR, A

WINDER



Sponsor: Miss Phoebe Edmunds

Company "C"

Captain

W. P. TATE

Second Lieutenant

S. PAUL

First Lieutenant

J. D. O'RIELLY

First Sergeant

G. B. WARD

Sergeants

LEWIS

CARTER

HARWOOD

BIEDLER

Corporals

MAGRUDER

RICHARDSON

KEEN

WHITE

CHEW

PORTER

POLK

Privates

ADAMS, H.

BOYLAN

CALDWELL

DERBY

DREWRY

ENGLEMAN

FRASER, D.

GODDARD

HAMNER

HULL

KING

LAWSON

LLOYD, O.

MARKHAM

MILLER, J.

NICHOLLS

PEEK, J.

STARK, J.

SUTTON

BOOTH

BROWN, C.

CASKIE

HARRISON

JACOB

KINGSOLVING

LIPPER

MALONE

MARTIN

MISH

NOLEN

RHETT, R.

WILLIAMS

BLOCH

BURDEAN

DAVENPORT

DRAYTON

EASTHAM

FINCH

GARBER

GRANT

HAYES

KEARNEY

LIND

LLOYD, A.

MAJOR

MCCURDY

MURPHY

PAXTON

SMITH

STEVENS, C.



Sponsor: Miss Gladys Heald

Company "D"

Captain

WILLIAM H. BECKNER

First Lieutenant

THOMAS E. SEBRELL

Second Lieutenant

GEORGE M. PEEK

First Sergeant

R. W. MASSIE

Sergeants

PIERCE EARLE WILTSHIRE DESHAZO

Corporals

MAYO JERMAN SCOTT HOBSON
BURRAKER McMILLAN DOWNEY

Privates

ANDERSON	BARKSDALE	BRETT	BLOW
BROWN, R.	CHAMBLISS	CHARLTON	COLBOURNE
CROWSON	DASHIELL, H	DEVVAULT	ELLISON
	GARNETT	GILLIAM	
	GUDZELL	GUTHRIE	
	HAAS	HAGER	
	HIRST	JENKINGS	
WOLFE	JOHNSON, C.	JOHNSON, J.	
	JORDAN	LOWERY	
YANCEY	MACKALL	MILLER	
	NOBLE	ORR	
	PARRISH	PAYNE	
	POAGUE	RANKIN, E.	
	RILEY	ROBERTSON	
	SAUNDERS	SCOTT	
SMITH	SUMMERS	SYDNOR	TABB
THOMAS	THOMPSON	TALIAFERRO	WAGNER
WESTMORELAND	WARNER	WIEKHAM	WILLIAMS



REVIEW

1

What H. M. J. Has Done for the Regular Army and Navy

COL. R. H. R. LOUGHBOROUGH...Infantry

Majors

L. H. STROTHER.....Infantry
J. D. POINDEXTER.....Surgeon
W. O. OWEN.....Surgeon

Captains

W. N. BLOW.....Infantry
W. W. BRANDER.....Infantry
C. BECKURTS.....Infantry
W. B. COCKRAN.....Infantry
S. D. ROCKENBACH.....Cavalry
C. C. COLLINS.....Surgeon
R. S. SPILLMAN.....Surgeon
C. D. WINN.....Artillery
C. E. KILBOURNE.....Artillery
E. A. HICKMAN.....Cavalry
J. C. GREGORY.....Surgeon
C. C. LANSING.....Artillery
W. C. GEIGER.....Died in Philippines
G. M. BROOKE.....Artillery
F. W. GRIFFIN.....Artillery
M. M. MILLS.....Artillery
J. D. TAYLOR.....Infantry
G. M. LEE.....Cavalry
C. L. ECKURTS.....Infantry
C. P. JOHNSON.....Cavalry
G. E. PICKETT.....Pay Corps
L. F. GARRARD.....Quarter Master Dep't
H. C. BONNYCASTLE.....Infantry

First Lieutenants

J. COCKE.....Cavalry
W. H. PEEK.....Artillery
A. M. SHIPP.....Infantry

W. W. BALLARD.....Artillery
R. C. MARSHALL.....Artillery
J. O. STEGER.....Artillery
M. E. LOCKE.....Artillery
E. BISCOE.....Artillery
W. H. WILLIAMS.....Infantry
J. C. GOODFELLOW.....Artillery
A. ALOE.....Infantry
J. F. JAMES, Infantry, killed in Philippines
N. R. CHAMBLISS.....Infantry
H. WATTERSON.....Infantry
S. M. BOWMAN.....Artillery
R. W. REYNOLDS.....Cavalry
H. COOTES.....Cavalry
O. V. KEAN.....Artillery

Second Lieutenants

G. A. DERBYSHIRE.....Infantry
A. MORENO.....Infantry
S. G. TALBOTT.....Infantry
W. S. WOOD.....Artillery
J. W. HYATT.....Infantry
H. L. JORDAN.....Infantry
P. B. PEYTON.....Infantry
G. C. MALSHALL.....Infantry
W. GOODWIN.....Infantry
F. B. ALDERDICE.....Infantry
J. C. WISE.....Infantry
F. B. DOWNING.....Engineers
E. C. WADDILL.....Infantry
J. H. ELLERSON.....Infantry
W. P. CURRIER.....Infantry
L. C. LEFTWICH.....Infantry
C. H. LOOP.....Infantry
R. JAMES.....Infantry
B. LYERLY.....Artillery
A. KIMBERLY.....Artillery

MARINES CORPS

Lieutenants

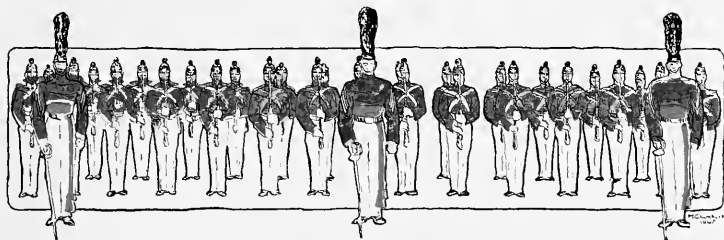
S. S. LEE.....Lieutenant
W. P. UPSHUR.....Lieutenant
F. C. MCCONNELL.....Lieutenant
H. M. HOWARD.....Lieutenant
J. R. N. BOYD.....Lieutenant

W. A. MCNEIL.....Lieutenant
E. H. MARSTELLER.....Lieutenant
L. H. LEAKE.....Lieutenant
P. MCCORMICK.....Lieutenant
C. P. ROELKER.....Lieutenant

NAVY

J. D. GATEWOOD.....Surgeon
C. M. DEVALIN.....Passed Assistant Surgeon
C. D. LANGHORNE.....Passed Asst. Surgeon
H. H. HAAS.....Assistant Surgeon

H. E. BISCOE.....Paymaster
J. Q. LOVELL.....Paymaster
H. W. WORDEN.....Assistant Paymaster



Historical



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE was established under an Act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed in March, 1839; and the first corps of cadets was mustered into the service of the State on the eleventh day of November, 1839. Up to that time a company of soldiers had been maintained by the State, at an annual charge of \$6,000, to garrison the Western Arsenal at Lexington, in which were stored thirty thousand muskets and a large quantity of military material. In 1836, J. T. L. Preston, Esq., a citizen of Lexington, for thirty-seven years an honored professor upon the active list, and afterwards emeritus professor in the Institute, conceived the idea of substituting for the company of soldiers who guarded the arsenal a company of cadets, who, in addition to the duties of an armed guard, should pursue a course of scientific and military studies. This happy conception was consummated by the Act of March, 1839. In May, 1839, the first Board of Visitors met in Lexington. Of this board, Colonel Claude Crozet, graduate of the Polytechnic School of France, a soldier under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and subsequently a professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point, and at the time a citizen of Virginia, was president. The first act of the new Board was to recognize the eminent fitness of General Francis H. Smith, a distinguished graduate of West Point, and at that time professor of mathematics in Hampden-Sidney College, for the position of superintendent. Under wise guidance, in the prosecution of its special ends, the school grew rapidly

in public favor. The Legislature increased the annuity from time to time, and appropriated large amounts to provide new barracks and to equip the institution. In 1861, the school was full to its capacity. An extension of the barracks was in process of construction to meet the demands of those seeking admission, the privileges of the school having been extended to citizens of other states. In April, 1861, at the call of the State, the corps of cadets, under the command of Major—afterwards Lieutenant-General—Jackson, marched for Richmond. These cadets were employed in instructing and drilling the large number of volunteers assembled for organization and instruction in Camp Lee, near Richmond, but were soon disorganized and scattered by the advancement of cadets to military rank in the different grades of service. In 1862, upon the demand of the military authorities of the Confederate States for the reorganization of the Institute as a training school to supply skilled and educated officers for the armies, the Institute was reopened. During the war, cadets were repeatedly called into active service in the Valley of Virginia, and on the lines around Richmond. On the fifteenth day of May, 1864, at New Market, the corps of cadets, organized as a battalion of infantry of four companies, and as a platoon of artillery, serving two three-inch rifle guns, lost over fifty killed and wounded out of an aggregate of two hundred and fifty. On the eleventh of June, 1864, the barrack, mess-hall, officers' quarters, the library, containing about ten thousand volumes, and all the apparatus and instruments of the various departments of the school, were burned, by order of General David Hunter, commanding the United States Army at that time operating in the Valley of Virginia. From providential causes, the quarters of the superintendent escaped destruction, and was the only building left standing upon the grounds. In October, 1865, after the close of the war, the Institute was reopened. The buildings and equipments of the school were rapidly restored, and the Institute entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. The course of instruction was enlarged and extended. Appliances of instruction were provided in the departments of chemistry, physics, geology, mineralogy, engineering, drawing, and surveying. In all the professions and vocations of life, the men trained at the Virginia Military Institute have won for themselves honorable distinction. The illustrious record of services rendered by her sons during the Civil and Spanish and Philippine wars has established the reputation of the Virginia Military Institute upon an enduring foundation. Upon the roll of her academic staff are to be found the names of Stonewall Jackson, Matthew F. Maury, Crutchfield, Gilham, Massie, Madison, Blair, Washington, Williamson, Lee, Colston, Preston, and Smith. Her matriculates number 5,751, of whom 1,982

became full graduates. On the first day of January, 1890, Major-General Francis H. Smith, who had filled the position of superintendent from the foundation of the school, and had restored it from its ruins after the war, sought in retirement the repose he had so well earned by fifty years of active and distinguished service. On the twenty-first day of March, 1890, General Smith died, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. On the fifteenth day of July, 1890, Colonel J. T. L. Preston, who, with General Smith, constituted the entire faculty of the school from 1839 to 1842, died in the eightieth year of his age.

As a part of this sketch, it is deemed to be not inappropriate to introduce the following letters from two illustrious men:

Letter from Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Jackson.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND CORPS, A. P.,
CENTREVILLE, *October 22, 1861.*

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of the ninth instant has been received, and I beg leave to say in reply that I only took the field from a sense of duty, and that the obligation that brought me into the service still retains me in it, and will probably continue to do so as long as the war shall last. At the close of hostilities I desire to resume the duties of my chair, and accordingly respectfully request that, if consistent with the interest of the Institute, the action of the Board of Visitors may be such as to admit of my return upon the restoration of peace.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Prof. Nat. and Ex. Philosophy, V. M. I.
GENERAL WM. H. RICHARDSON, GENERAL T. H. HAYMOND, *Committee.*

Letter from General R. E. Lee.

CAMP PETERSBURG, *July 4, 1864.*

I have grieved over the destruction of the Military Institute. But the good that has been done to the country can not be destroyed, nor can its name or fame perish. It will rise stronger than before, and continue to diffuse its benefits to a grateful people. Under your wise administration there will be no suspension of its usefulness. The difficulties by which it is surrounded will call forth greater energies from its officers and increased diligence from its pupils. Its prosperity I consider certain.

With great regard, yours very truly,

R. E. LEE.

GENERAL F. H. SMITH.

Reminiscences by Captain Robert McCulloch



VERLOOKING the beautiful waters of the swift-running North River, and nestling among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, lies the little city of Lexington, in the county of Rockbridge and in the good old Commonwealth of Virginia. This little city is justly very proud of her good people and of her splendid institutions of learning, and the same feeling of pride filled her throbbing heart half a century in the past.

A hundred years ago Washington endowed with his little fortune the school then located at Lexington under the name of the Liberty Hall Academy; this generous endowment enabled an enlargement of the scope of the school and it became Washington College. It grew and prospered and set its stamp of character and learning on the youth of the South for three score years and more, when it assumed greater proportions by reason of our grand old chieftain, Robert E. Lee, becoming its guiding spirit. Here also was established seventy years ago the West Point of the South, the Virginia Military Institute. The school was under the patronage and control of the State of Virginia, the relation being the same as that of West Point to the United States. Its drill, its discipline and its esprit de corps were equal to that of West Point, and it proved to be to the Confederate Army what West Point was to the army which we fought. Its professors and teachers were men of learning and ability, one of whom was "Stonewall" Jackson.

New Year's day of 1861 found it with two hundred and twenty-five splendid young men constituting its corps of cadets. They were well drilled and well disciplined in all that goes to make the soldier, and naturally eager to find their soldierly qualities put to a test. An assignment to duty at Harper's Ferry in the John Brown episode during the previous year had been a taste of war which tended to intensify the desire to take active part in what seemed to be the impending and inevitable struggle. South Carolina withdrew from the union of states and Sumpter had been fired on. A call was made for troops with which to whip the recalcitrant sister back into the ranks, and the question uppermost in the minds of the people of Virginia was, with which side should she cast her lot? The feeling was intense and sentiment in every community was divided. The

natural effect of the military training of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute was to list them unequivocally and outspoken on the side of South Carolina. But amongst a part of the citizens of the town of Lexington there was an equally positive determination to remain in the sisterhood of states. Each knew the other's position and there was an intensity of feeling on both sides which might be readily exploded by only a spark.

On the eastern border of the town were the buidings and grounds of Washington College, and next, to the eastward, came the beautiful parade ground, the barracks, the arsenal, the mess hall, hospital and officers' residences and quarters of the Virginia Military Institute. The high ground sloped to the south and the limit line of the Virginia Military Institute at the foot of the hill was a stone wall running the full length of the southern boundary and overlooking the highway which led eastward across the river and to the forests beyond.

The Governor of the Commonwealth had ordered a cessation of the general course of study and direction that the time be devoted to drill and instructions along the line of all that pertained to the arts of war.

One beautiful Friday evening early in April, the work and drill of the day were over and many of the cadets were scattered over the grounds; some of them were at the stone wall overlooking the roadway on the south when there came in sight from the east the greatest wagon of the town, drawn by six splendid horses. An escort was in front and rear and on either side and they were returning from the forests where they had selected a tall and stately pine, as straight as an arrow, and long enough to stand, when erected, away above the biggest building of the town. The men bantered the cadets with the threat that on the morrow they would plant this pole on the public square and float a Union flag from its topmost point, teaching us a lesson in loyalty and good conduct. The cadets in reply ventured the assertion that the pole would never be erected.

The wagon reached its destination; the shaft was unloaded and many hands set to work to prepare it for the next day's ceremonies. It was stripped of its outer covering and all its unevenness, and when it was finished it was straight and polished and was a thing of beauty. The base was made ready; the hoisting ropes were adjusted and the flag was brought and stretched in the position it would occupy, and they looked with pardonable pride on the work which was so well done. Whilst they thought of the consummation of their labors on the morrow, night had come, and the flag was folded and carried away, and a guard being set to protect their work, the crowd dispersed and all was hushed and still.

Midnight had passed and a terrific rainstorm drove the guard to shelter. When the storm was over the beautiful mast was only a crumbling ruin and the bright sunshine of the morning revealed to the assembling crowd a series of holes bored at frequent intervals in its length, so that an effort to stand it erect broke it into many pieces. There was no flag raising that day and no Union celebration. An angry sentiment possessed that element of the community; the cadets were charged with the mischief and threats of retribution freely indulged in.

Down at the V. M. I., the Saturday morning guard mount, inspection and drill had consumed the first half of the day; the midday meal was over, and there was a relaxation consequent on a freedom for a few hours from study or duty, and the rooms of the barracks were filled with lounging cadets lazily awaiting the next duty, which would be the sunset dress parade. A very small number of the cadets had gone up into the town and scarcely had they been missed when one of them was seen to leap the stone wall from the roadway. He ran up the southern slope of the grounds—running as Paul Revere had ridden a hundred years before—a messenger of warning. Dashing into the guard room, he seized the drum and dragging the startled drummer with him into the court yard, he had only breath to beg him to beat the “long roll.” This every one knew was a call to arms, and instantly each of the four stoops was crowded with eager listeners for orders. The drummer ceased; the messenger had recovered his power of speech, and so intense was the eagerness to know the cause of the alarm that a whisper would have reached the ears of every one, and this he told them: “The Union people hold seven of our comrades prisoners; they have beaten them; their lives are in danger, and unless we rescue them they will kill them. We have not an instant to lose.” Guns and accoutrements were grasped and the stairways were filled with living streams pouring into the open court below. Out through the grand arch; down the hill and over the stone wall rushed the cadets, adjusting cartridge box and bayonet scabbard and loading our guns as we ran; and scarcely had the echo of the drum died away until we stood in the end of the main street of the town. There was no order, the swiftest runners having gained the lead. All were equally in earnest; the professors and teachers had caught the alarm and were soon with us. Some cooler heads called a halt, and General Francis H. Smith attempted to control the crowd; but he was not listened to. In the confusion, out rang the voice of one of the professors, a man who had not been over popular, by reason of his being held to be unnecessarily harsh and severe in his discipline. In derision he was called “Gobbler.” This was John

McCausland. He stepped into a position from which he could be seen and heard: "Boys," he said, "if you are going to fight, do it right, and I will lead you. Form immediately into your company organizations."

Instantly we ceased to be a mob and became soldiers, ready to obey but determined to rescue our comrades; we now felt our power and recognized the man who had brought about the transformation. At once McCausland ceased to be the martinet, he was a leader in a crisis, a hero, and we have held him in living remembrance since that moment. At this juncture a body of men came toward us from the town, marching in the middle of the street: being unarmed and giving no evidence of hostility, we were anxious as to their mission. They were headed by the Major, and he begged for a hearing. He set forth, that if we proceeded into the town and used our guns we would shoot innocent people, that the guilty parties against whom our vengeance was roused were securely locked in jail, and that our comrades were free and would soon be with us, which proved to be true, and we were then ready to listen to reason. General Smith directed that we march back to barracks and immediately assemble in the south-east section room. When we were there, each professor made a short talk, war was his theme, because nothing else would be tolerated. When it came Professor Jackson's turn to speak (he was then "Old Jack," but he afterwards became "Stonewall Jackson"), he said, "War under any conditions is deplorable, and the war which seems to confront us now is especially so, but if there must be war, we must draw the sword and throw away the scabbard." That this sentiment absorbed him, heart and mind and soul and body, was proven by his every act through the balance of his glorious life.

There was no more study at the V. M. I., all was preparation for war, and on the nineteenth of April, under the Governor's orders, we marched out through the grand old arch never more to return. Our destination was Richmond, where we served as drill masters for the Virginia troops, these were all in the field early in July, and there we begged the Governor to allow us to go to the front in our battalion organization, but instead he disbanded us; the wisdom of his act was proven by the fact that we scattered all over the Southern Army, each cadet seeking out the troops from his own home section, and it is scarcely boasting to say that the struggle would not have lasted four years had it not been for the help given by the men and boys who had their training at the V. M. I.

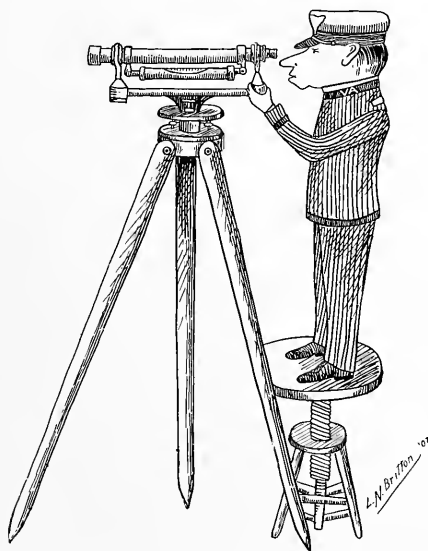
In all the calls that were ever made on us in the glorious four years from April, 1861, to April, 1865, we answered just as promptly as we did on that Saturday of April, 1861.

The V. M. I. of today can have no standard of excellence to which they may more proudly aspire, or no ambition more laudable, than a determined effort to emulate the deeds of their fellows of 1861 to 1865. No man who then wore its uniform ever trailed banner in the mire. It was carried always aloft. As soldiers they left to their Alma Mater a splendid heritage; and the war being over, they have been just as useful citizens; a prompt and vigorous and faithful performance of duty in all conditions of life being the natural sequence of a splendid military training. What a debt of gratitude we owe the men who made us do things. We did not know the good that was being instilled into us then, but sometimes felt inclined to rebel against it; and in our impatience of restraint we were wont to style that to which we owe so much—"The tyranny of Old Specs."

TO THE "GIM"

A suit of white,
A face of red,
A contented smile,
A rounded head;
A chugging auto,
A cigarette,
A gasoline can
In front is set,
A flash of fire,
A lusty call,
A stranger in heaven (?)
It's the "gim"
That's all.

W. L. R., '07.



"Ea, see dat?"

Mandolin and Guitar Club

T. E. SEBRELL, JR. *President*

L. N. BRITTON *Leader*

Mandolins

BRITTON

EDWARDS

TOWNES

LEWIS

EARLE

CHAMBERS

HAAS

Guitars

SEBRELL

NICHOLLS

GILL

Violin

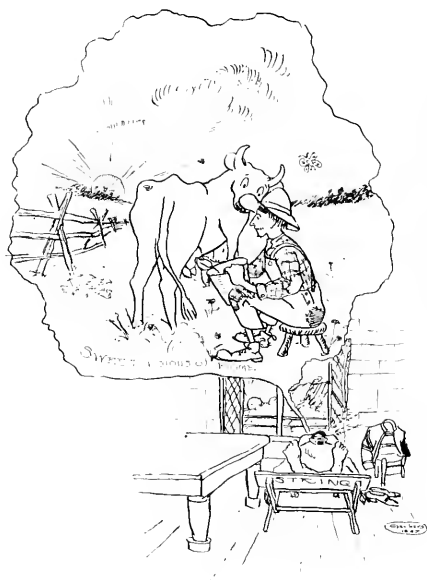
WAGNER

Banjo

CARTER



MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB



The Origin of the Glee Club

CHAPTER I



AND it came to pass that in the town of Lexington there liveth a tribe, yea, even the tribe of cadets.

And it so happeneth that evil flourisheth in the town, even the town of Lexington. For it hath been written that the spreading and selling of the so-called liquor is evil.

Truly it occurreth that the tribe, yea, even the tribe of cadets, drinketh freely thereof, muchly for the "free lunch," which is even for the asking.

And they becometh contaminated, for hath it not been said, that they partook freely of that which is evil, verily evil of itself?

But it so happeneth that a great general came to rule over the tribe of cadets, and he ordereth the cadets to desist thereof from the evils of their ways.

This causeth the removal of "free lunches." The good goeth out with the evil. And there is much talk and bitterness in the hearts of the tribe of cadets, for there remaineth no "handouts."

A council of the chiefs of the tribe gather unto themselves and demand, each of the other, a means whereof the good (handouts) may be retained without the evil.

But the wise men, yea, verily, even the prophets, knoweth not how the tares may be plucked without the wheat.

CHAPTER II

Years passeth and passeth, until there cometh a day when the harp is much used by a mighty warrior of the tribe of cadets.

He goeth forth in his pride blowing upon a harp, even a harp of the so-called French. He bloweth a melody known as harmony, newly called music.

The people of Lexington, even of the town of Lexington, Virginia, listeneth

unwillingly unto this new and strange harmony, which taketh unto itself the name of music.

Embittered against him and even terrified by the strangeness of music, they throweth upon this mighty warrior many objects of odious character.

But verily, the warrior triumpheth over his enemies, and they payeth, even unto the mighty warrior, tribute, even in the form of handouts, to desist from harmony near unto them, and to leave them in peace.

So even each week upon a certain day this warrior goeth forth unto his enemies, blowing a blast upon a harp, and he collecteth unto himself the handouts.

But with mind, yea, even the mind of the mighty warrior, bent upon the handouts, the music has left his soul and he bloweth a blast even worse than harmony.

CHAPTER III

The news scattereth swiftly, like unto the seeds of Israel, even in the direction of the four winds.

The chiefs again called a gathering, and the tribe bringeth unto them the mighty warrior, verily I say, he of the handouts.

The chiefs are jealous, even so jealous that it eateth into their vitals.

And they alloweth the warrior to be led unto the guard house.

Finally they saith, "Let there be more who playeth upon the harp, yea, even the harp of the French."

And there were those who cometh unto him and learneth to play upon the harp immediately.

These men formeth unto themselves and taketh the nature of an organization of graft.

They preyeth upon the good people of Lexington, and wax on the fat of the land.

CHAPTER IV

And so it came to pass that music increaseth and multiplieth many fold, and the means of expression thereof is increased by other instruments than the harp.

Even the organization of graft useth many different instruments, but they loseth their harmony in their thirst for preying upon the good of Lexington.

They glory and sate themselves in their graft and taketh unto themselves the

name "Glee Club," as it hath been spoken even unto you how they gathereth with glee the handouts.

CHAPTER V

But now time hath wrought many changes even unto the people of Lexington. Steam cars cometh unto them and knowledge is received.

They wax angry in their indignation when they knoweth of the discords that are counterfeited even unto them as harmony.

And it so happeneth that the Glee Club has been turned away hungry. And it waneth in its orb.

The name Glee Club is given again unto the organization of graft, by the good people of Lexington, who liveth in the limits of the tribe of cadets. Yea, even those who beareth the brunt of the discords and taketh unto themselves great glee in turning away empty the Club.



Expressions of '07.

"Dump them eggs," said Dudley.

"That's mū " said Nicholls too.

"Get Back," said Satchel Adams.

"I'm not blowed up," said Pu.

Then came 'f-f-f' from Markey.

"Ho there!" hollered Gill.

"Let's cut a muck," said Gunion.

But Fulton, he kept still.

Said Tom, "I'll write a letter."

"I ain't no dub," said Liz.

"Heyo," greeted Pat O'Reilly.

Said Fudge, "O Jiminy Cris!"

"The biscuits"—said Cockrell.

"Get out of here," yelled John.

"I'll bust your eye," cried Charley.

Murmured Major, "Fung wa wan."

"I know that stuff," said Barksdale.

"Sure nuff?" asked Leo—bright.

"Ar, ar, ar," tried Harry.

Said Fraser, "You're ding right."

"'Tain't military," shouted Seymour.

"Then it's me to the hay," said Dutch.

Spoke Lyerly, "Chattanooga."

Said the chorus, "It ain't much."

"Young men," then started Beckner,

And Sydnor laughed, "He-he."

"Please be quiet," said Taliaferro.

"I'll sing Peezy, Weezy, We."

"O Fudge!" said Murry Edwards,

And Shanks then said, "I'll call."

"Right," said Willie Johnson.

Said Peck, "I'll soon be tall."

"Er-er-er," chirped Barret.

"Put er on straight," said Port.

"She's not engaged," said Ruby,

"'Tis a false, untrue report."

* * * * *

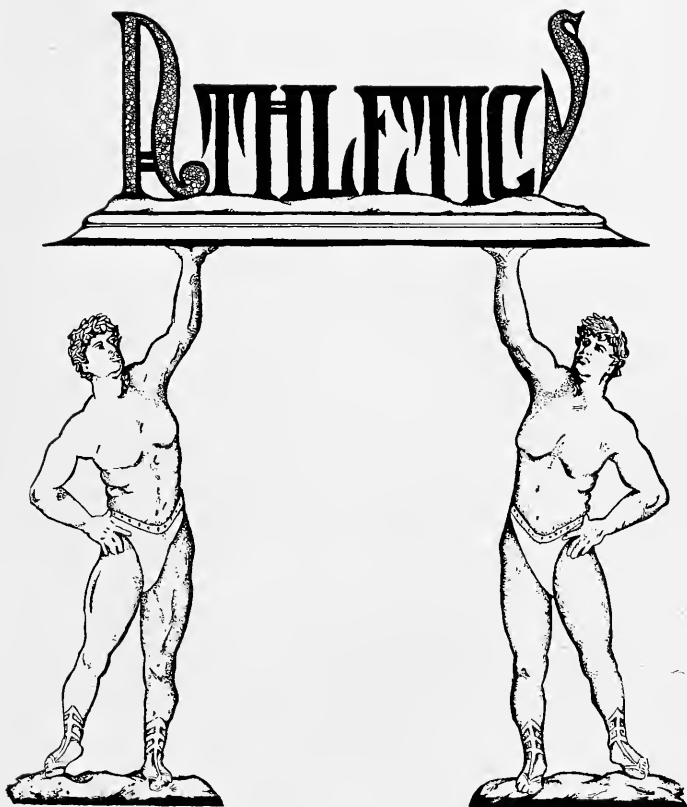
Above I've tried to gather,

In this little doggerel verse,

The expressions of my classmates,

Though sometimes they've been worse.

W. L. R. 1907.



U. S. McCoy - '09 v.m. 1

Athletics



THE past season in athletics has only been fairly successful from the point of scores, yet when the difficulties under which the different teams work are considered, what is accomplished by the men who represented the Institute on the gridiron and diamond can not be too highly praised. Not only do they suffer from lack of time, and from the arduous military and academic duties which are in no way lightened for them, but from the lack of interest and in some cases antagonism of the authorities.

The football season opened with big holes in the team, caused by the graduation of Caffee and Dodson, by the absence of Fraser A. and Thraves, and the sickness of Riley. Still under the able tutoring of Coach Johnson, a team was turned out that would have been a credit to a much larger institution and which at times showed flashes of championship form. Especially was this so in the game with Virginia, when the team held the undisputed champions of the South to the close score of 4-0.

While the Varsity deserves credit for what it did, still more belongs to Captain Tate and his scrubs, who so untiringly and unselfishly gave their time and efforts for the good of the Varsity and whose only reward was to see some one else receive the praise.

It is yet too early to foretell what will be the outcome of the baseball season, but the coaching of Krebs and the pitching of Captain DeVault will undoubtedly go a long ways towards overcoming the loss of Goodloe and the two Frasers.

The Institute is awakening to the importance of track athletics and gymnasium work, and the interest now shown in these sports bids fair to soon place the Institute in a prominent position in both branches.

The willingness with which the squads have turned out shows that there has been no retrogression in this branch of school life and speaks well for the future of athletics at the Institute. So all do what you can, be it ever so little, for their success, and whether you win or lose, if you uphold the reputation earned by our past teams for fair play, clean athletics, and sportsmanlike conduct in victory or defeat, you will receive the greatest benefit from athletics.

SONGS

(Tune: Down where the Wurzburger Flows)

*Take it down by down, now Cadets, till you win that goal,
We are with you, men, with all our heart and soul,
We love each who works for the dear Institute,
As he risks life and limb in his tri-colored suit;
So strive not for fame, but to uphold the name
And glory of old V. M. I.*

HIKE IT; V. M. I.

(Tune: Chorus of, "Laid Away a Suit of Gray")

*Old V. M. I. is out to die or win where'er she goes,
She'll forge her way at every play toward the Goal-post of her foes;
She'll show her grit and never quit 'till in the dust she lies;
She will show them all how to play foot-ball—
Now "Hike it, V. M. I."*

RED, WHITE AND YELLOW

(Tune: Long Metre Doxology)

*Red, white, and yellow floats on high,
The Institute must never die,
So now Cadets with one voice cry;
God bless our team and V. M. I.
A-men.*

Athletic Officers

Athletic Executive Committee from Faculty

N. B. TUCKER <i>President</i>
H. C. FORD <i>Vice-President</i>
M. B. CORSE <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

From Cadets

W. L. RILEY, '07	T. M. SCOTT, '09	R. W. MASSIE, '08
	R. H. THOMAS, '10	

Football

H. BECKNER, '07, Captain	CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR., '07, Manager
A. E. DONNAN, '08, Assistant Manager	I. B. JOHNSON, (Virginia) Coach

Baseball

A. B. DEVALT, '08, Captain	H. C. ADAMS, '07, Manager
G. B. WARD, '08, Assistant Manager	KREBS, Coach

Gym Team

F. S. MARKHAM, '07, Captain	J. E. TOWNES, '07, Manager
T. M. HARWOOD, '08, Assistant Manager	G. E. PILE, (K. U.) Instructor

Track Team

H. BECKNER, '07, Captain	T. C. TALIAFERRO, '07, Manager
I. F. ADAMS, '08, Assistant Manager	G. E. PILE, (K. U.) Coach

Wearers of the Monogram

Football—Red Sweaters

RILEY, '07	LYERLY, '07	POAGUE, '07
NICHOLLS, '07	BECKNER, '07	DOYLE, J., '08
STUDE, '07	MASSIE, '07	FRAY, '08
FRASER, D., '07	BYRD, '08	BIEDLER, '08
HANCOCK, '08	MONTGOMERY, '08	

Baseball—Blue Sweaters

BYRD, '08	GRAMMER, '09
DEVULT, '08	SCOTT, T., '09
SEBRELL, '07	POLLOCK, '09

Hells

Rah! Rah! Rah! Vir-gin-ia
Military Institute Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.

Oskiwow! Wow! Skinny Wow! Wow!
V. M. I. V. M. I.
Wow!

Hulaballo Rah! Rah!
Hulaballo Rah! Rah!
Who! Rah! Who! Rah!
V. M. I. Wah! Wah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Jones, Jones, Jones!



Football Team, '06

H. BECKNER, '07	Captain
CHAS. A. LYERLY, '07	Manager
A. E. DONNAN, '08	Assistant Manager
I. B. JOHNSON (U. Va.)	Coach
G. E. PILE (K. U.)	Assistant Coach

Team '06

NICHOLLS, G., '07 and POAGUE, T., '08	Right End
FRASER, D., '07	Right Tackle
MONTGOMERY, '08	Right Guard
BIEDLER, '08	Center
RILEY, '07 and PRESTON, '09	Left Guard
FRAY, '08	Left Tackle
STUDE, '07	Left End
DOYLE, J., '08	Quarter Back
BECKNER, '07	Right Half Back
MASSIE, '08	Left Half Back
POAGUE, H., '10	Full Back

Substitutes

BYRD, '08	DUNBAR, '08
WILLIAMS, '09	HANCOCK, '08
	COSBY, '09
HAGER, '09	CASON, '09



FOOTBALL TEAM



Baseball Team

A. B. DeVault, '08	Captain
H. C. Adams, '07	Manager
G. B. Ward, '08	Assistant Manager
KREBBS (Manhattan College)	Coach
W. L. RILEY, '07	Official Scorer

Team '07

DeVault, '08	Pitcher
BYRD, '08	Catcher
MASSIE, '08	1st Base
DOYLE, J., '08	2d Base
SEBRELL, '07	3d Base
GRAMMER, '09	Short Stop
SCOTT, T., '09	Left Field
POLLOCK, '09	Center Field
DONNAN, '08	Right Field

Substitutes

FLOYD, '09	MILLER, J., '10
YOUNG, '10	STUDE, '07
SAUNDERS, '10	WILLIAMS, '09



BASEBALL TEAM



Gymnastic Team

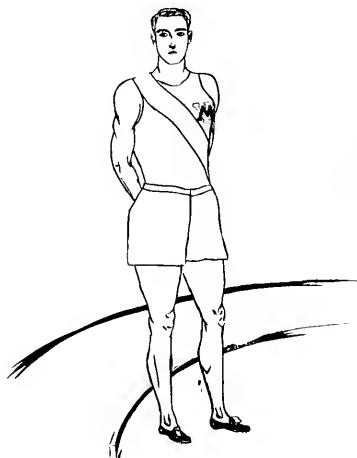
F. S. MARKHAM, '07	Captain
J. E. TOWNES, '07	Manager
T. M. HARWOOD, '08	Assistant Manager
G. E. PILE (K. U.)	Instructor

Team

MARKHAM, '07	CHARLTON, '07	BARRETT, '07
DIGGS, '07	COCKRELL, '07	KAIN, C., '07
BRITTON, '09	ADAMS, I., '08	HARWOOD, '08
HIRST, '08	ALEXANDER, '09	BORDON, '09
RICHARDSON, '09	MADISON, '10	



GYM TEAM

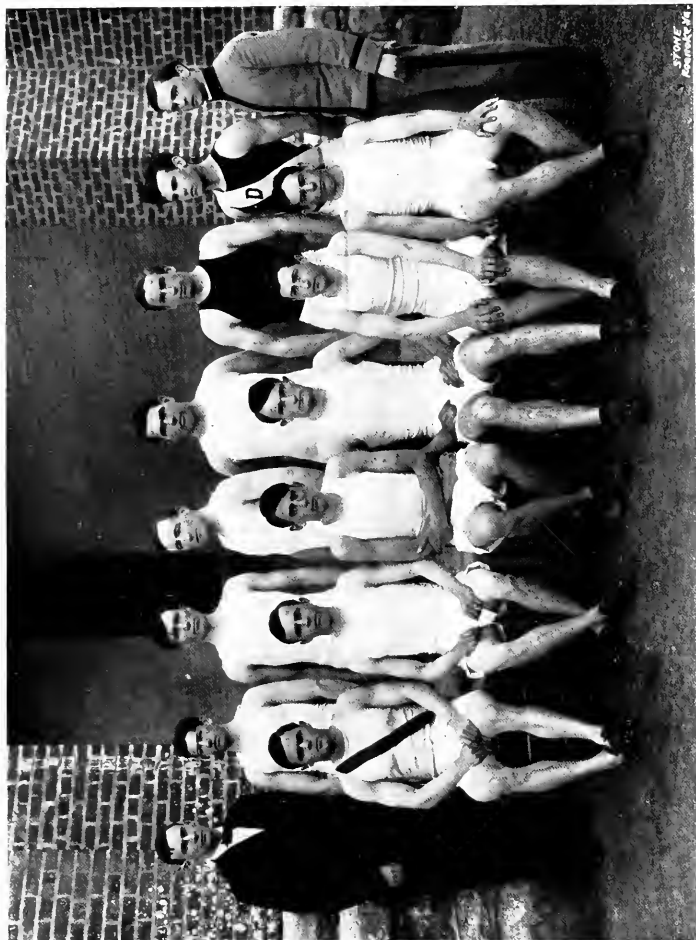


Track Team

H. BECKNER, '07	Captain
T. C. TALIAFERRO, '07	Manager
I. F. ADAMS, '08	Assistant Manager
G. E. PILE (K. U.)	Coach

Team

BECKNER, '07	STUDE, '07	RILEY, '07
WILTSHIRE, '08	GILL, '07	ADAMS, I., '08
BYRD, '08	HARWOOD, '08	POLLOCK, '09
WILLIAMS, J., '09	SCOTT, T., '09	MACLEAN, '10
BURRACKER, '08	CAFFERY, '10	



TRACK TEAM



One of the few theories Harrison can not explode. Seeing is believing.



FOOTBALL GAME



BASEBALL GAME



FOOTBALL COACH



ROOTING

STONE
Rector's
Va



"This is old Pu."

Y. M. C. A.

R. C. BARRETT	<i>President</i>
J. M. FRAY	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. M. OWSLEY	<i>Secretary</i>
O. B. WHITE	<i>Treasurer</i>



GREAT feature of our institution is the training of all young men who enlist with us to become true soldiers, and the various activities of our College tend towards this end.

One of the chief characteristics of a true soldier is that, above all else, he is a Christian soldier, and to promote and strengthen this side of a man's nature is the object of our Association. We are glad to say that our Association is gradually growing in prominence, and in a few years we hope that it will be the most enjoyable and beneficial factor in our college career.

On entering, those men who have been reared in Christian homes and who enjoy active Christian work, find every available opportunity within the Association for continuing such work and for being of great help to their fellow men.

The main object of every Young Men's Christian Association should be the constant endeavor to reach the non-Christian men, and by bringing such influences to bear on their lives, through the Bible study groups and Christian example, that they may be constrained to lead a better life. The efforts of our Association this year have had this end in view, and as a culmination of our work we will have soon a series of revival meetings, at which we hope many of our non-Christian men will make a decisive stand for Christ.

On the whole, the work of the Association this year has been very gratifying, indeed. Such work, being purely voluntary, it is especially gratifying to note the active interest manifested by so many of our members. In our mid-week meetings, which are conducted exclusively by cadets, a close fellowship is formed which proves very strengthening to the moral character. The talks given by the cadets are very helpful, and besides this, great benefit is derived by the speaker himself, which proves itself in later years.

Our regular devotional Sunday night meetings are devoted entirely to outside speakers, and we appreciate greatly the helpful addresses delivered during the year by the pastors of Lexington and members of the faculty, both of our institution and of our neighbor, Washington and Lee.

The principal branch of our Association work is the Bible study groups; they meet every Sunday morning. In a large school where so many temptations are common, it is almost impossible for a young man to meet these boldly unless he forms the habit of daily devotional Bible study.

We have four graded courses taught by cadet leaders, and the object of these studies is to promote a daily contact with the word of God. To assist these leaders, a normal class is held every Thursday night, presided over by Rev. Dr. Manly, and the valuable assistance given by him is most highly appreciated.

No doubt, much of the success of our year's work is due to the impetus received by our delegates who were sent to the Southern Student Conference, and to Charlottesville. There these delegates were brought in contact with a large number of picked college men, who together discussed and exchanged views as to the best methods of conducting all branches of Association work.

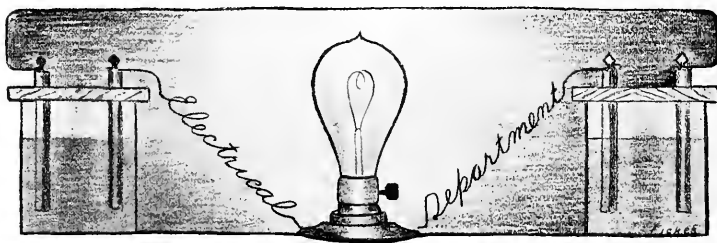
The good derived by our delegates at such gatherings has made itself very manifest during the year, and we hope to double the number of delegates to the coming summer conference.



Clubs



Johnson. P. 67.



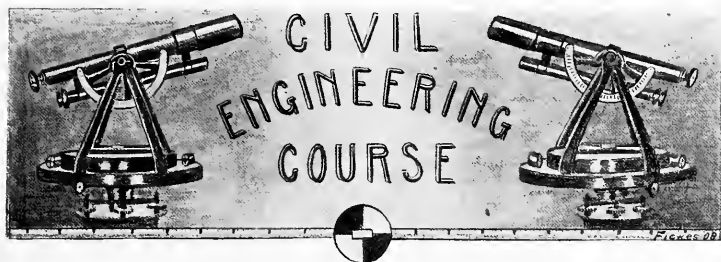
Electrical Club

Officers

H. BECKNER	<i>President</i>
G. M. HARRISON ..	<i>Vice-President</i>
M. F. COCKRELL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

BARKSDALE	BARRETT
DIGGS	EDWARDS, M.
FULTON	JOHNSON, P.
JOHNSON, R.	KAIN
PAUL	STUDE
SHERIDAN	TABB
	TALIAFERRO, T.



Civil Engineering Club

J. E. TOWNES *President*

H. C. ADAMS *Vice-President*

W. H. GILL..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

G. M. PEEK..... *Janitor*

Members

CHARLTON

DAVENPORT

FRASER

FUDGE

LYERLY

MAJOR

MARKHAM

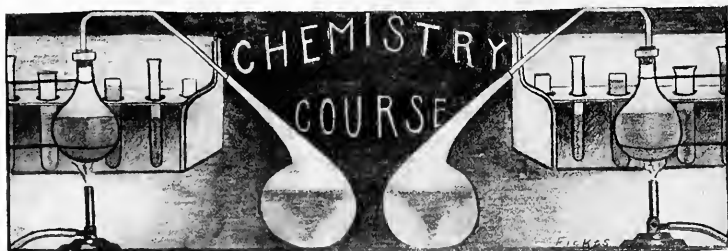
O'REILLY

RILEY

SEBRELL

SYDNOR

TATE



Chemistry Club

Officers

G. W. NICHOLLS *President*

GEORGE W. NICHOLLS ... *Vice-President*

GEORGE WILLIAMS NICHOLLS ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

"WASH" NICHOLLS ... *Janitor*



Virginia Club

Officers

W. H. GILL.....	<i>President</i>
H. C. ADAMS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
G. M. HARRISON ..	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

BARKSDALE	BARRETT
DAVENPORT	DIGGS
FULTON	JOHNSON, P.
MAJOR	PAUL
PEEK, G.	SEBRELL
SHERIDAN	SYDNOR
TABB	TATE
TOWNES	



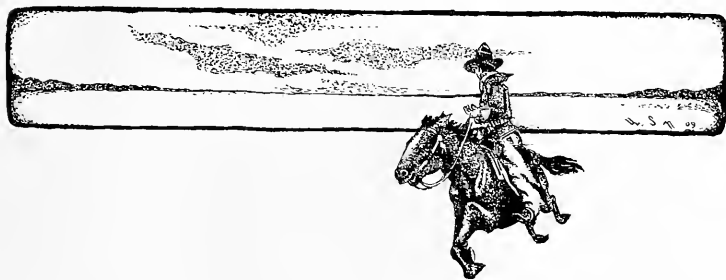
Texas Club

Officers

M. F. COCKRELL.....	<i>President</i>
C. E. KAIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
D. A. FRASER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

CHALTON	MARKHAM	
STUDE	HARWOOD	HEWSON
SCHULTZ, O.	GRAMMER	HARDWICKE
OWSLEY	SCOTT, T.	SMITH, H. F.
CHILDERS	CALDWELL	FRASER, M.
FINCH	GARNETT	SCHULTZ, P.
LIPPER	THOMAS, N. E.	



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ADAMS, F.	BROWN, C.
BURDEAU	GUDGELL
PAXTON	WILSON
WARNER	WAGGONER



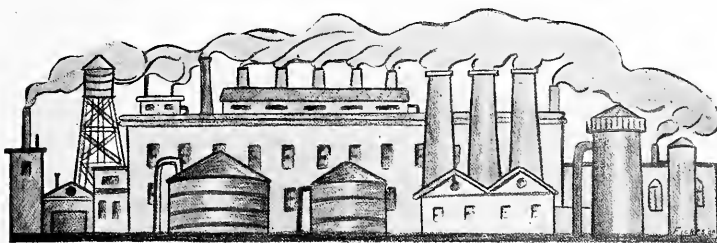
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HULL		GARBER
MINTON		LEWIS



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RICHARDSON	DANIELS	GODDARD		
RHETT	SMYTH, W. A.			



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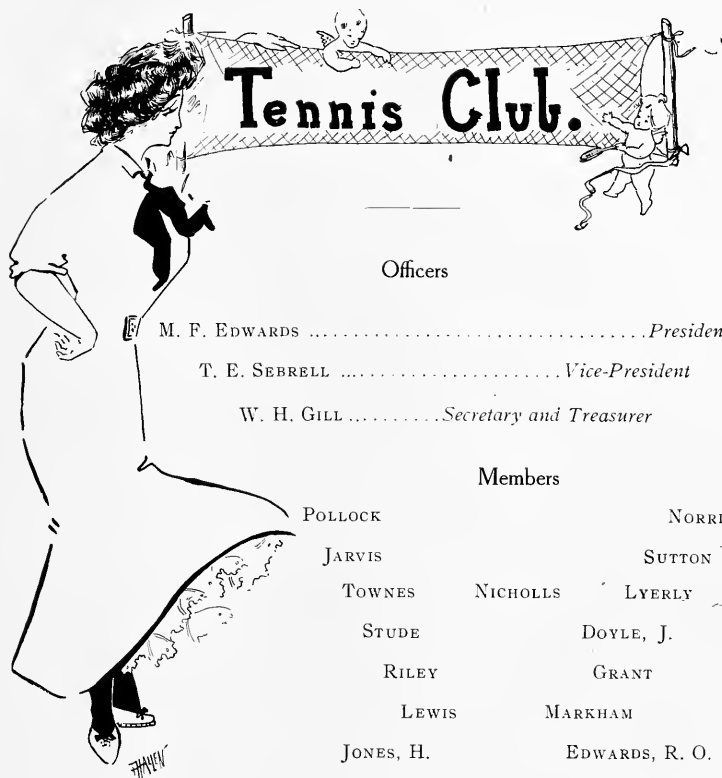
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JARVIS

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TOWNES

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LYERLY

STUDE

DOYLE, J.

RILEY

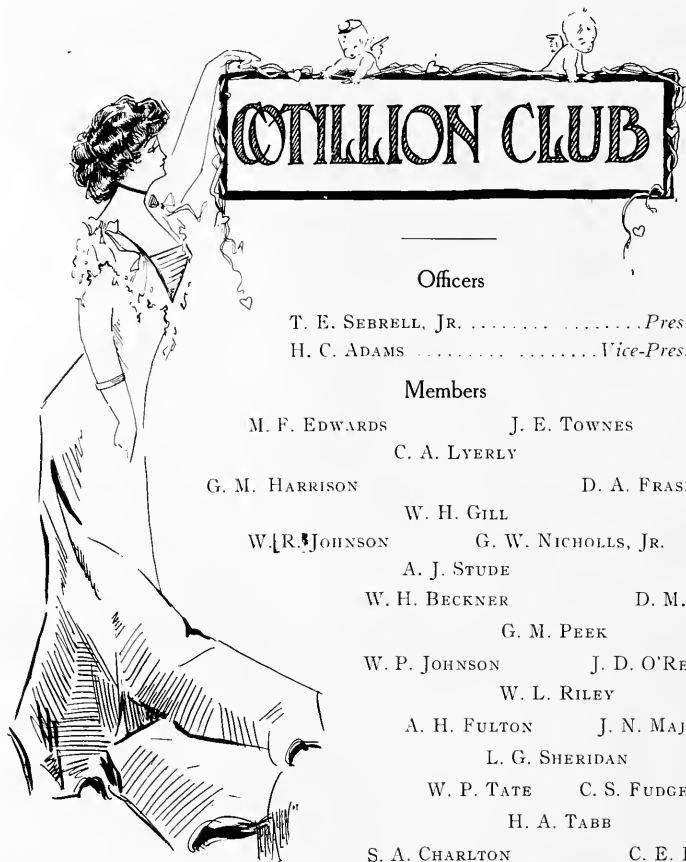
GRANT

LEWIS

MARKHAM

JONES, H.

EDWARDS, R. O.



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H. A. TABB	
S. A. CHARLTON	C. E. KAIN
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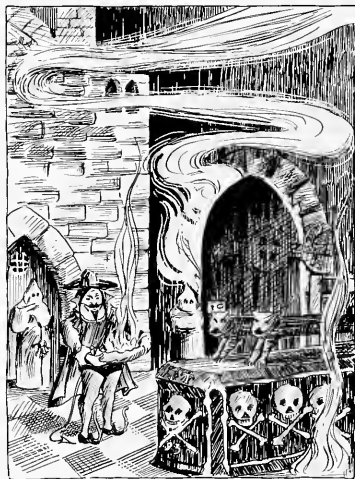
R. A. DAVENPORT



High Chief Ranger	"MAG" RILEY
Chief Scout	"INDIAN" BYRD
Warden of the Keys	"VAGGY" BOND
Warden of the Peephole.....	"WILLIE BLINK" JOHNSON
Bouncer.....	"PUSS" GRANT
Keeper of Wardrobe	"PRINCESS" GENTRY

Good Fellows

"RUBY" JOHNSON	"KING" BARKSDALE	"CORN-BREAD" JOHNSON
"SLIP" WICKHAM	"PONNY" DOYLE	"PIPER" HARWOOD
"PIP CEASE" STEVENS	"TUCK" PENDLETON	"DOCTOR" HOWELL
"PUNK" CASON	"SKIN" RANKIN	"BULLY" POAGUE
	Honorary Member	
	MT. DEW DEVALT	



23—U. U.—23

Colors

Red and Yellow

W. S. MCCOY *President*
 H. A. JACOB *Vice-President*
 R. B. HAGER *Official Bouncer*
 W. L. RILEY *Chaperone*

Members

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"DUCH" COSBY	"CYCLONE" CRITTENDEN
"SPLINTER" DOYLE	"BOAT" FAISON
"IRENE" FLOYD	"PAJAMA POLLY" GRAMMER
"BIG FELLOW" HAGER	"BOSCOE" JACOB
"TAR HEEL" JERMAN	"DOGGIE" MCCOY
"MOLECULE" McMILLAN	"PAT" MACKALL
"INJUN" POLK	"RED" ROBERTSON
"BRONCHO" SCOTT	"POLLY PRIM" STEVENS

In Memoriam

"BOTTLE" BROWN	"FRENCHY" FALLIGANT
"STUMP" MAHONE	"IKEY" NEWSOME

Honorary Member

"MAG" RILEY



“Ex-Officios”

W. L. RILEY, President

W. R. JOHNSON, Vice-President

S. A. CHARLTON, Secretary and Treasurer

ADAMS, H. C.

TABB

MAJOR

TALIAFERRO, T.

BROWN, S. E.

RANKIN, E.

MALONE

DOYLE, J.

GRANT

FICKES

HEWSON

MC CREERY

JARVIS

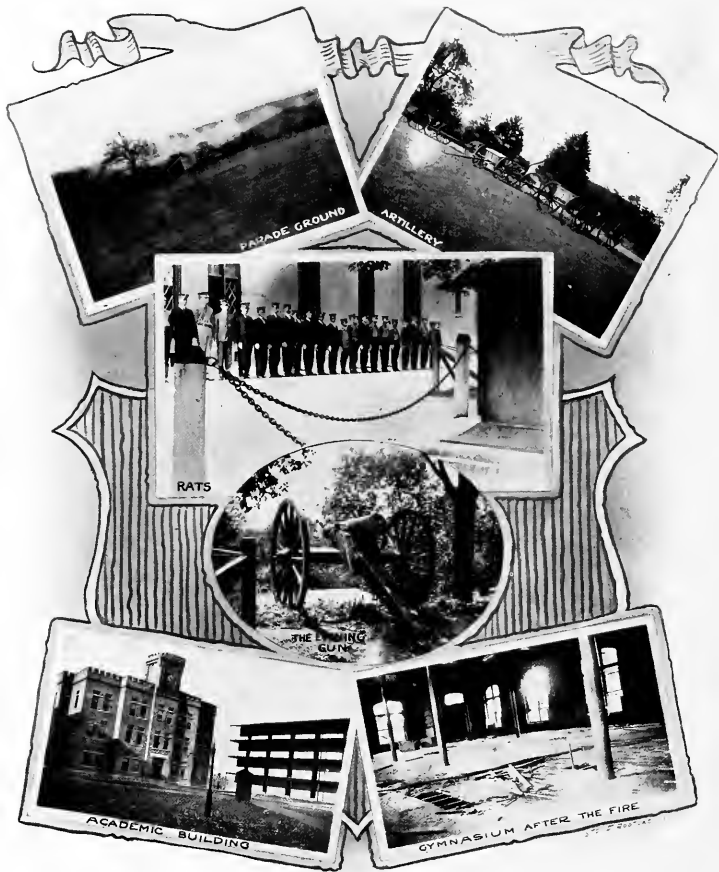
HAGER

MINTON

JACOBS

SMITH, W. C.

STEVENS, C.



ECHOES FROM '64

Note. (This Piece was found in barracks in the fall of 1864. It was given us by an Ex-Cadet. The Author is unknown.)

Alone I walked "Post No 1;"
Aloft I held my burnished gun,
And as it sparkled in the sun,
I felt a soldier true.

The devil then temptation sent,
I spied fried chicken in a tent;
Down dropped my gun and in I went
To take a bite or two.

As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A "Sub" came walking sly, but fast,
Oh, d—m such luck, I say.

I dodged him as I would a ghost,
I know not which I feared the most,
Alas! he'd caught me off my post
And there was h—l to pay.

No luck can now avert the storm,
No chevrons e're will grace my arm,
No star in catalogue to charm,
And spread my youthful fame.

Nothing can e'er my doom prevent,
For that report to "Spex" was sent,
All for a single "fowl-in-tent"
Inscribed against my name.

Mr. and Mrs. —————

Announce the marriage of their daughter

To

MR. ALEX. RUTHERFORD DAVENPORT.



IMAGINE my surprise and astonishment upon finding this announcement in my morning mail. "Port," the woman hater of '07, who had never spoken to a girl but once during his four years at V. M. I., and who feared woman worse than he feared "Tommy" Jones' threats in Engineering, had at last fallen in love. I can see him now as he came running out of the gymnasium one night during his last year at V. M. I., his eyes wide with terror and a look of horror on his face. One of the fellows had forcibly taken him up and introduced him to a girl, and his sudden exit was the result. His visit to the hop had been caused by a wager and he told afterwards that he had never spent such an awful moment in his life.

But all this has been years ago and "Port" has at last changed his mind and is about to be married.

Shall I go to the wedding? Well, I should say I shall; why, I wouldn't miss that event for anything on earth, and I suppose I will see a lot of the old bunch there. We'll have the time of our lives.

* * * * *

Two weeks after receiving the above invitation, I was waiting for the C. & O. train at Cincinnati, which was to carry me to Richmond to the wedding. To while away the time, I stood near the gates watching the crowd passing through them from a train which had just arrived. My attention was attracted by a large white sombrero which easily outshone anything in the crowd, both for color and size. Something about the walk of the man under the hat seemed familiar and I edged closer to get a better look at him. "Hello, Fats!" I shouted, nearly driving the women to hysterics and knocking down a man in my eagerness. At the sound of my voice, hat, man and all came to me with a rush. Same old Fraser. Fifteen years had changed him but little and the same old smile still clung to him. Same old Texas manner, Panhandle from head to foot, his

clothes being the latest San Antonio creation. He, too, was bound for the wedding, and told me as a secret that he had sent the best cow on his ranch for "Port's" wedding present.

"Fats" had heard from "Hatchet" Beckner, and was to meet him that night at the Havlin Hotel at 7:30. I was easily persuaded to lay over till next day, so we could go down together. While we were waiting for 7:30 to come "Fats" told me of several of the old boys. Kain had intended to come on the same train but had sent "Fats" a telegram saying he couldn't get away. In the paper "Fats" had found the reason why. Kain had gotten into an altercation with a man over a real estate deal and during the course of events had busted his eye-ball and was now in jail waiting for trial. The noted lawyer, Charlton, was on his way to Kain to get him out of trouble. "Shanks" had always been good at this and I remember as a cadet he had made several stirring addresses for the oppressed.

Upon hearing of this trouble of Kain's, I immediately took "Fats" in tow, and we headed for the telegraph office, where I telegraphed Murray Edwards that if worst came to worst, to please attend Charlie in his last moments and to do what he could to save his soul. This I know Murray would be glad to do, and I knew that if any one could make it easy for Charlie to die, it would be Murray.

It was now 7:30 and we went to the hotel to meet "Hatchet." It was not until nine o'clock that I saw a form come slouching across the lobby. I knew it in an instant. After our greeting, Hatchet began to apologize for keeping us waiting, by saying that he had not quit work until six, and it had taken him an hour to remove the grease, etc., from his hands and face. He holds a very good position as Superintendent of Electrical Works, and has been lately elected Alderman of his ward. It was now nearly nine o'clock and we decided to give Fraser a treat by taking him to see a show in a real opera-house.

We left Cincinnati next morning, and as we passed through Crescent, West Virginia, we got off to see if "Ruby" Johnson would be on hand to go with us, as I had wired him to be ready. He was on the platform, his beautiful complexion grown even more dazzling, but his heart was blue. He couldn't go. All the men in his mines had struck, and as he had promised "Port" a car of coal, there was nothing to do but dig it himself. We talked for a few minutes, and then the train having finished coaling, we bade "Ruby" good-bye and left him on the platform with his eyes full of tears.

Nothing of note happened until we got among the "Green fields of Virginia." As we were reclining in our chairs the train began to slow down with all the

air possible on, the whistle of the engine meanwhile blowing like mad. When the train came to a stop a man got aboard. He was a trifle bent and in his hand carried a black patent-leather valise almost as large as a trunk. I overheard him say as he sat down several seats in front of me, "Tin trains wint by without stopping, and thin I—" I waited no more, I pounced on his back, calling to Fraser and Beckner. The man was Barksdale, and his town being a flag station, he had come down the night before to catch a train, but as none had noticed him, he had built an obstruction across the track which it took the train crew twenty minutes to remove. Same old "King Hinry."

At Glasgow we telegraphed "Satchel" Adams and "Dump" Diggs to be ready, and as we pulled in they were on the platform. Both had changed, although we could easily distinguish them amongst the crowd. Who couldn't tell that Satchel with his (?) pose, and Diggs with his "dump them eggs" look? He told me that he had had an operation performed on his eyes which had greatly benefitted him, and that on a recent trip to V. M. I. he had been able to see the tower clock from the second stoop. "Satchel" was in business, and upon asking why he carried two suit cases, he told me that he had brought some samples of brick along with him, as "Port" might want to build a house and he might be able to sell him the brick.

We were talking over old times when suddenly there was a crash and a jar and we were thrown out of our seats. The engine had jumped the track and a sign alongside told us it was Gloucester. The town, forty-five strong turned out to the wreck, and behold! Harry Tabb was mayor of the town. He asked us all up to his house to dinner, and of course we went. Harry was the whole thing in that town, I tell you. What he said went, and the people treated him like he was *it*. After dinner, which, by the way, was a good, country one, we began talking about some of the old boys. Major, so Tabb said, was a minister, and up to about a month ago had had charge of a church in Gloucester but had left to accept a call from a somewhat larger congregation at Round Hill.

About three o'clock we went over to the wreck again. The wreckers had just arrived and were being delayed by something about the engine. A large crowd had collected around it and we could hear shouts for help from underneath it. Edging my way closer I took a look under the engine. One look and I couldn't help howling with laughter. Old "Dutch" Stude, expert engineer, had come out with the wrecking train to examine the engine. He had gotten under the engine to look it over and it had then settled, wedging his three hundred pounds firmly to the ground. There was no danger, but he couldn't get out.

Each of us in our turn crawled under and shook his hand and then crawled out to make room for the next one. He was finally dislodged by the lifting of the engine by the wrecker, which soon had it on the track again and we got under way. After no further adventures we arrived in Richmond about eleven p. m., and went to the hotel. After quickly washing, we hurriedly dressed and went to "Port's" stag dinner, his farewell to bachelordom. We were about an hour late and most of the guests had assembled.

At the head of the table sat Davenport, supremely happy, his eyes looking around the board with supreme contentment. No one would guess that it was our "Port" of fifteen years ago, whose greatest wish was to be left undisturbed in his course of ease. "Port" had prospered and welcomed us with all his old-time mirth, telling us that he had had no use for "Tommy's" formulas as yet.

On the right of the host sat Nicholls, fat, happy and prosperous, and the picture of contentment. "Wash" was famous as a surgeon but had to give it up. He found his practice so great that he had neither time to sing nor to argue, so he gave up the practice. However, when a case comes up that baffles others, he immediately quits talking and goes to work.

Next to him sat Tate, famous in our old days as Captain Pu. He has succeeded to the ownership of Tate Springs, where every summer he may be seen in his old white uniform, strutting about as in days of old. Tate can talk of nothing else but the springs, and the calic there, and insisted that we all come down to rest up after the wedding.

Next to Tate sat "Absolute" Johnson, tall and majestic in his evening suit. He looked not a day older than he did fifteen years ago and each fall since "'07" has journeyed back to Lexington to stand an examination in English and History. He said that he would sure make it next time.

Number four on the right was Harrison, ruddy and healthy. "Monk" had followed his profession of electricity for three years, but couldn't withstand the call of the briny deep and had gone back to the old S. S. Gwynn, of which he was now master. I promised to make the next trip to Fredericksburg with him.

On "Monk's" right was old "Oom" Paul. "Oom" had aged considerably and looked about nineteen years old. This youthful appearance, he told me, was caused by his strict adherence to Mellins' Food as a diet, and that he now represented this product in all Southern States. I remember yet his youthful appearance in school and he tells me this was the result of this food.

Another exponent of food products present was "Cicero" Cockrell, one of the prominent agents of the National Biscuit Company. It had always been a hobby

of his to expound the merits of certain brands of biscuits, and his natural tendency in that direction, coupled with his oratorical ability, makes him a valuable man for the company.

Next to him sat Captain Peek, of the 71st Virginia, resplendent in his showy uniform and gilt braid, with his large saber hanging by his side. George has done well since leaving the Institute and has risen from Sergeant Major to Captain in fifteen years. He is now almost seven feet tall, and is still growing. He told me he started growing when he left the Institute and that now he can't stop, although he has tried every means.

And then there was Townes, also gay in a new uniform with colonel's straps on his shoulders; a full-fledged V. M. I. professor. During his cadetship he had been a great admirer of Colonel X — and Major J —, and had often expressed the desire to beat them out their jobs and to show them the proper way of teaching cadets. The first thing I asked him was, "Do you still strut?" and he immediately blushed as of old.

Next to Townes sat Tom Sebrell, now a real estate dealer in Norfolk. Tom is just as fickle as ever and keeps his office merely as a place to answer his numerous letters. I supposed that he had outgrown all this, but from what I hear he is worse than ever and adds a new correspondent to his list every few minutes.

The next chair was occupied by Fulton, our "Lizzie" of 1907. He still had the same innocent expression as of old, when he was running for that extra lieutenant. "Liz" had been connected with an electrical concern in Richmond, but when I asked him what one, his face clouded up just as it had long ago, and I knew at once that he wouldn't tell me.

"Bill" Gill was also there, the very picture of what a farmer should be. His new store clothes were quite an addition to this picture and he rolled his eyes in the same way as in the times of "Won't you do me a favor?" I promised to spend a week on the farm with "Bill" before I go back home. "Bill" has done great things for the advancing of the Rural Free Delivery in his section.

Next to Gill and raised in his chair by a large dictionary was "Freddy" Markham. "Freddy" had grown but little and his appetite was about the same, although he tried not to show it by being too anxious. "Freddy" has the Standard Oil backed off the map and is in a fair way to drive them out of Texas.

The next chair was empty. It was placed there in memory of old "Polly" Barrett, who had gone to China twelve years ago and hadn't been heard from since.

Imagine what a quantity of food necessary for the above, with their appetites

almost as keen as in the old days. Some of us, perhaps, had even keener ones, as we have been working for ourselves and it is sometimes hard to make both ends meet. But "Port" was the same old boy and insisted that we all go the limit. Of course this was not necessary, but it was good to know that plenty of food had been provided.

The dinner was about half over, when a servant announced—"Mr. Sheridan." The door opened and a hatless, coatless figure stepped in. I didn't know him at first, but it was only an instant until I saw it was "House Top." It seems "Honse" had arrived that afternoon and had strolled around to see the town, and, it not being very familiar, he had accepted the company of a very accommodating young man, who said he had graduated at the University. The result was, "House" got buncoed and this accounted for his theatrical entrance. He is still living in Lexington and seldom leaves it.

About the time we were interrupted by his entrance, another servant handed "Port" several telegrams, and he now opened them. The first was from Lyerly, and read:

"Congratulations, 'Port,' old fellow. Sorry I can't come, but am having a run on the bank.

(Signed)

"Lyerly."

The next was:

"Allow me to congratulate you. Will be there tomorrow on my own honeymoon. Eloped tonight with *Mary*.

(Signed)

"Taliaferro."

The third:

"Congratulations. Am sorry, but Father wouldn't let me come.

(Signed)

"Fudge."

The fourth:

"Accept congratulations. Am 'midst of a political campaign and can't come. Very sorry.

(Signed)

"O'Reilly."

And the last:

"Accept congratulations. Started to come but got on wrong train and am now in Richmond, Kentucky.

(Signed)

"Sydnor."

While "Port" was reading these messages, the waiters were busy filling a huge silver loving cup, '07's present to our host, and it was soon started on its rounds, all the guests drinking to the groom elect. It was soon empty but again filled

as some one proposed another toast. It was marvelous how many toasts were thought of that night, which required another filling of the cup. It reminded me of the old days when we were sparring to get a lecture out of one of the old Colonels. At last, however, the toasts became to be less frequent and the party soon broke up to get ready for the next day's festivities.

The author of this history is also one of the old guard of "1907," and has followed the fortunes of war since leaving the Institute, although never having engaged in any battle more serious than a sham one. The age limit in the army being sixty-five, he will soon retire and will endeavor to peacefully spend his old age back in the old home town. Trust him, however, to be on deck if any of the rest of the bunch get tied up.

W. L. R. "1907."





Jokes

"B" Co. Man: "'B' Company had quite a scare when Tate got his First Sergeant last year."

"C" Co. Man: "How's that?"

"B" Co. Man: "When he gave 'fall in' last year we had to dress back six paces for fear we would."

H.: "Well, Thaw's trial ends next week."

T. (who keeps up on all current events): "I wonder if Thaw did kill White."

H. (during snow-storm): "These flakes are as large as newspapers, aren't they?"

S.: "Yes, wonder why they don't stick?"

H.: "Too much about Thaw in them, I suppose."

Gen. S.: "To what people was the Magna Charta granted?"

Cadet B.: "To the people of Massachusetts."

Gen. S.: "Eh! Eh! No, to the English before America was discovered."

Gen. S.: "Mr. J., what is a several note?"

Cadet J.: "A note signed by several people, sir."

Oh, to be drowned in an ocean of booze;

To die 'neath a spirituous sea;

No more to get "boned" for mud on my shoes,

Or prove $y=sx+b$.

Capt. S.: "What are you trying to do?"

Cadet T.: "Seducing this equation, sir."

T.: "Why will Charlton make a success in life?"

N.: "Don't know, why?"

T.: "Because he can make both ends meet."

J.: "Have you seen the new story in *Saturday Evening Post*?"

F.: "Which is that?"

J.: "Puppy Love."

F.: "Oh! I don't like dogs."

First Cadet: "No meeting of Military Staff today."

Second Cadet: "How's that?"

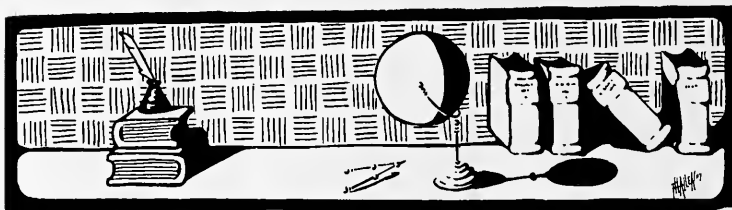
First Cadet: "Miss Maggie is out of town."

At the beginning of season one of the rats was so careful to add "Sir!" to everything he said, that he caught himself saying several times at the end of his prayer, "Amen, sir!"

Maj. J.: "What caused the bridge at Austin, Texas, to move away from its foundation?"

Cadet R.: "It was trying to get out of Texas, sir."





The First Class Library

- "How to Strut, when on Parade."By W. P. Tate.
- "The Art of Face Massaging."By J. D. O'Rielly.
- "Biscuits Like Mother Use to Make."By M. F. Cockrell.
- "How to Become a Good Speaker."By S. A. Charlton.
- "A Story of a Hound Pup."By W. W. Barksdale.
- "Vegetables I Have Grown."By H. A. Tabb.
- "How to Become a Good Singer."By T. C. Taliaferro.
- "The Art of Letter Writing."By T. E. Sebrell.
- "Simplified Spelling in 1907."By G. M. Harrison.
- "Beyond the Land of Dips."By W. P. Johnson.
- "Eyes, and How to Roll Them."By W. H. Gill.
- "How to Get a Ruby Complexion."By W. R. Johnson.
- "An Example of Mellins Food."By S. Paul.
- "The Benefits of the Y. M. C. A."By R. C. Barrett.
- "How to Make Love on a Train."By M. F. Edwards.

- "A Drag and its Results."By G. M. Peck.
"How to Become a Baseball Manager."By H. C. Adams.
"Schools and People that I Know."By H. Bechner.
"Spanish Songs from Texas."By D. A. Fraser.
"The Rise and Fall of the Dutch."By A. J. Stude.
"How to Take Care of Children."By G. W. Nicholls.
"How to Raise Peaches and Other Fruits."By C. A. Lyerly.
"How to Play a Mandolin."By J. E. Townes.
"The Art of Sleeping."By F. S. Markham.
"Street Cars and Their Dangers."By G. M. Fulton.
"Laugh and You Laugh Alone."By L. W. Sydnor.
"What is the Good of a Diploma?"By R. Davenport.
"And the Cat Came Back."By C. E. Kain.
"How to go Through Life Without Cussing."By C. S. Fudge.
"The Life in a Small Town."By L. G. Sheridan.
"Boxing and Wrestling."By D. M. Diggs.
"How to Become a Good Rifle Shot."By W. L. Riley.





His first "dyke."



NATURAL BRIDGE



One of the insects that have been bothering "D" Company lately.

Final Celebrations

Opening Hop.....	Monday, June 17th
Society Hop.....	Tuesday, June 18th
Final German.....	Wednesday, June 19th
Dismissed.....	Thursday, June 20th
Final Ball.....	Thursday, June 20th

Final Ball

Officers

L. H. EARLE *President*

H. T. JONES *Vice-President*

Marshals

FERRELL

C. JOHNSON

HARWOOD

R. T. PENDLETON

E. H. TALIAFERRO

J. PEEK

HANCOCK

DEVault

BIEDLER

McCREERY

J. DOYLE

GENTRY

SCHMIDT

TAYLOR

E. RANKIN

BYRD

O. B. BARNES

WILTSHIRE

HEWSON

MALONE

T. ADAMS

R. O. EDWARDS

DONNAN

R. DASHIELL

FRAY

MASSIE

LEWIS

FICKES



Final Ball

Thomas Smith Winfield

The picture opposite is an excellent likeness of one of the best known men at the Virginia Military Institute. He might very well be called the Reveille and Tattoo Man of V. M. I. For the past half century he has awakened the Corps sharply at six every morning with his

Reveille



and sent them scurrying "out on the bricks" every evening at nine-thirty with his,

Tattoo



Time has wrought many changes. Reveille and tattoo are now sounded on the bugle; but the memory of the old man who used to rouse us from our peaceful slumbers blowing on that old fife in the early mornings will always remain one of the most pleasant of our cadethood days at the Institute.

Thomas Smith Winfield was born in Prince George County, Maryland, August 2d, 1833. He is the youngest son of Richard S. Winfield, a farmer whose wife was a Miss Maria Lewis, both natives of the same county. He received the usual education of the youth of that time. When fifteen years of age he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, as a Music Apprentice, where he served nine years. During that time he made nine cruises on the Pacific, one of two years and ten months and one of three years and five months. While on these cruises he visited most of the important cities on our western coast, as well as



THOMAS SMITH WINFIELD

Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii and Australia. On November 5th, 1856, he crossed the Isthmus of Panama, cruising on the Atlantic until honorably discharged at the Norfolk Navy Yards the following winter. The next two years were spent at work in the Gunner's Gang in the U. S. Navy Yard.

In the spring of 1859 he was employed by the late General Francis H. Smith, then Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, to come here as a member of the Post Band, and reported for duty August 23d of that year. When the Corps of Cadets marched to Richmond under command of Major Thomas Jackson (afterwards Stonewall Jackson) at the out-break of the Civil War in 1861, he went along with them. There they went into a camp of instruction known as Camp Lee. He remained there until the Corps was disbanded July 4th, 1861, and then returned to Lexington. He was, however, not long idle, for Captain S. S. Lee, a brother of General Robert E. Lee, appointed him transportation and purchasing agent for the Navy Department of the Confederacy, a position which he filled with great fidelity and honor until the close of the Civil War.

In '09 he returned to the Virginia Military Institute as a member of the Post Band, and served, rarely ever missing a day, until June 24th, 1906, when the Board of Visitors retired him from active service. The Alumni Association, at its annual banquet the same year, still further showed its appreciation of his long and faithful services, by voting him an honorary member and conferring upon him the badge of the Association.

Mr. Winfield married Miss Ellen Bagley of Washington, D. C., and should they live until September of 1910, they will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary.


Although retired from active service as a member of the Post Band, Mr. Winfield still engages in other vocations at the Institute, such as his health will permit; and is the same jolly old man as in the past.

May he live to see many, many more classes come and go from the portals of old V. M. I., which he so dearly loves and for which he has given the best years of his life.



The Evolution of our Bed-Roll

Acknowledgments

N completing this, the twenty-third volume of the BOMB, we wish to extend our sincerest thanks to the following persons:

¶ Miss Allen, of Petersburg, Virginia, and Cadets Gentry, McCoy, Fickes, Chambers, Burton, May and Johnson for their splendid work on the drawings, and Captain J. W. Newman for his information in regard to the faculty. The success of the BOMB will be due in a great measure to their untiring efforts.

"FAREWELL"

"Gather 'round me 'keydet' comrades,
Let us take a drink of rye,
First we'll drink health to our future
Then to dear old V. M. I."

"Four long years she's gently held us
In her arms, grim visaged walls,
As we marched with eager footsteps
Answering fondly all her calls."

"On the morrow we must leave her,
For the past our hearts will pine,
As we bow our heads in sorrow
To the strains of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"But tonight, boys, let's make merry,
Drown our cares in mellow wine,
Live and revel in the present,
Lose it not for it is thine."

"Fill the cups to overflowing,
Drain them too, the 'die is cast,'
Soon we all must leave forever,
Fondest memories of the past."

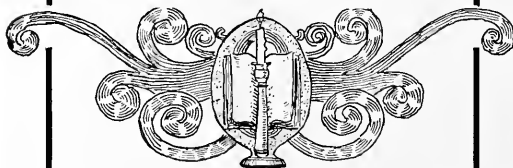
"It matters not what fate has destined
For the parting of our ways.
V. M. I. will ever guide us
As she did in ancient days,"

"Ever present in our day dreams,
Silvered star in Heaven's sight,
Fill the cups once more forever,
Drink her health, boys, she's alright."

A. BEVERLY DeVAULT, '08.



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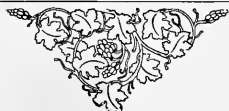
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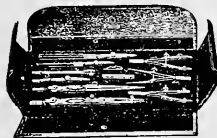
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